



Accessions
~~TREASURE ROOM~~

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Thomas Annuant Barton.

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Louisa (Ben) Catherine

4^o. Lond. 1611.

First ed. Perfect.



CATILINE

his

CONSPIRACY.

Written
by
BEN: IONSON.

— *His non Plebecula gaudet.
Verum Equitis quoq, iam migravit ab aure voluptas,
Omnis, ad incertos oculos, & gaudia vana.*

LONDON,
Printed for Walter Burre.
1611.

XG

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TO THE GREAT
EXAMPLE OF HO-
NOR, AND VER-
TUE,

THE MOST NOBLE
WILLIAM

EARLE OF PEMBROKE, &c.

MY LORD.

IN so thicke , and darke an igno-
rance , as now almost couers the
Age, I craue leaue to stand neare your
light: and, by that, to be read. Poste-
rity may pay your benefit the honor,
and thanks; when it shall know, that
you dare, in these lig-giuen times, to

countenance a legitimate Poëme. I must call it so, against all noise of opinion : from whose crude, and ayry reports, I appeale, to that great and singular faculty of Iudgment in your Lordship, able to vindicate truth from error. It is the first (of this race) that euer I dedicated to any Person, and had I not thought it the best, it should haue beene taught a lesse ambition. Now, it approcheth your censure chearefully, and with the same assurance, that Innocency would appeare before a Magistrate.

*Your Lo. most faithfull
Honerer.*

Ben. Ionsen.

TO THE READER IN ORDINARIE.

THE Muses forbid, that I should restrayne your meddling, whom I see already busie with the Title, and tricking o-uer the leaues: It is your owne. I departed with my right, when I let it first abroad. And, now, so secure an Interpreter I am of my chance, that neither praise, nor dispraise from you can affect mee. Though you commend the two first Actes, with the people, because they are the worst; and dislike the Oration of Cicero, in regard you read some pieces of it, at Schoole, and vnderstand them not yet; I shall finde the way to forgive you. Be anything you will be, at your owne charge. Would I had deseru'd but halfe so well of it in translation, as that ought to deserue of you in iudgment, if you haue any. I know you will pretend (whosoever you are) to haue that, and more. But all pretences are not iust claymes. The commendation of good things may fall within a many, their approbation but in a few; for the most commend out of affection, selfe tickling, an easinesse, or imitation: but men iudge only out of knowledge. That is the trying faculty. And, to those workes that will beare a Iudge, nothing is more dangerous then a foolish prayse. You will say I shall not haue yours, therefore; but rather the contrary, all vexation of Censure. If I were not aboue such molestations now, I had great cause to thinke unworthily of my studies, or they had so of mee. But I leaue you to your exercise. Beginne.

To the Reader extraordinary.

YOU I would vnderstand to be the better Man, though Places in Court go otherwise: to you I submit my selfe, and worke. Farewell.

To my friend Mr. Ben: Jonson,
vpon his *Catiline*.

IF thou had'st itch'd after the wild applause
Of common people, and had'st made thy Lawes
In writing, such, as catch'd at present voyce,
I should commend the thing, but not thy choyse.
But thou hast squar'd thy rules, by what is good;
And art, three Ages yet, from vnderstood:
And (I dare say) in it, there lies much Wit
Lost, till thy Readers can grow vp to it.
Which they can nere outgrow, to find it ill,
But must fall backe againe, or like it still.

Franc: Beaumont.

To his worthy friend Mr. Ben: Jonson.

HE, that dares wrong this Play, it should appeare
Dares vtter more, then other men dare heare,
That haue their wits about 'hem: yet such men,
Deare friend, must see your Booke, and reade; and then,
Out of their learned ignorance, crie ill,
And lay you by, calling for mad *Pasquill*,
Or *Greene's* deare *Groatworth*, or *Tom Coryate*,
The new *Lexicon*, with the errant Pate;
And picke away, from all these seuerall ends,
And durtie ones, to make their as-wise friends.
Beleeue they are translators. Of this, pittie,
There is a great plague hanging o're the Cittie:
Vnlesse she purge her iudgement presently.
But, O thou happy man, that must not die.

As these things shall: leauing no more behind
But a thin memory (like a passing wind)
That blowes, and is forgotten, ere they are cold.
Thy labours shall out liue thee; and, like gold
Stamp't for continuance, shall be currant, where
There is a Sunne, a People, or a Yeare.

John Fletcher.

To his worthy beloued friend Mr.

BEN. IONSON.

HAD the great thoughts of *Catiline* bene good,
The memory of his name, streame of his bloud,
His plots past into acts; (which would haue turn'd
His Infamy to Fame, though *Rome* had burn'd)
Had not begot him equall grace with men,
As this, that he is writ by such a Pen:
VVhose inspirations, if great *Rome* had had,
Her good things had bene better'd, and her bad
Vndone; the first for ioy, the last for feare,
That such a *Muse* should spread them, to our care.
But woe to vs then: for thy laureat brow
If *Rome* enioy'd had, we had wanted now.
But, in this Age, where ligs and Dances moue,
How few there are, that this pure worke approue!
Yet, better then I rayle at, thou canst scorne
Censures, that die, ere they be throughly borne.
Each Subiect thou, still thee each Subiect rayles,
And whosoeuer thy Booke, himselfe dispraises:

Nat. Field.

The names of the Actors.

SYLLA'S GHOST.

CATILINE.
LENTVLVS.
CETHEGVS.
CVRIVS.
AVTRONIVS.
VARGVNTIVS..
LONGINVS.
LECCA.
FVLVIVS..
BESTIA.
GABINIVS.
STATILIVS.
CEPARIVS.
CORNELIVS.
VOLTVRTIVS.
AVRELIA.
FVLVIA.
SEMPRONIA:
GALLA.

CICERO.
ANTONIVS..
CATO.
CATVLVS.
CRASSVS.
CAESAR.
QV. CICERO..
SYLLANVS..
FLACCVS..
POMTINIVS..
SANGA.
SENATORS.
ALLOBROGES..
PETREIVS..
SOLDIERS..
PORTER..
LICTORS..
SERVANTS..
PAGES..

CHORVS.

CATILINE.

Act. j.

SYLLA'S Ghost.

DO'ft thou not feele me, *Rome*? Not yet? Is night
So heauy on thee, and my weight fo light?
Can *Sylla's* Ghost arife within thy walles, (falles
Leffe threatning, then an earth-quake, the quicke
Of thee, and thine? shake not the frightened heads
Of thy fleepe towers? or shrink to their first beds?
Or, as their ruine the large *Tyber* fills,
Make that swell vp, and drowne thy feuen proud hills?
What fleepe is this doth feize thee, fo like death,
And is not it? Wake, feele her, in my breath:
Behold, I come, sent from the *Stygian* Sound,
As a dire Vapor, that had cleft the ground,
T'ingender with the night, and blaft the day;
Or like a Pefilence, that fhould display
Infection through the world: which, thus, I doe.
Pluto be at thy counfels; and into
Thy darker bofome enter *Sylla's* fpirit:
All, that was mine, and bad, thy brest inherit.
Alas, how weake is that, for *Catiline*!
Did I but fay (vaine voice!) all that was mine?
All, that the *Gracchi*, *Cinna*, *Marinus* would;
What now, had I a body againe, I could,
Comming from hell; what Fiendes would wifh fhould be;
And *Hannibal* could not haue wifh'd to fee:
Thinke thou, and praftife. Let the long-hid feedes
Of treason, in thee, now fhooote forth in deedes,
Ranker then horror; and thy former fafts
Not fall in mention, but to vrge new acts:

CATJLINE.

Conscience of them prouoke thee on to more.
Be still thy Incests, Murders, Rapes before
Thy sense; thy forcing first a *Vestall Nunne*;
Thy parricide, late, on thine owne naturall Sonne,
After his Mother, to make empty way
For thy last wicked Nuptials; worse, then they,
That same that act of thy incestuous life,
Which got thee, at once, a *Daughter*, and a *Wife*.
I leaue the slaughters, that thou didst for me,
Of *Senators*; for which, I hid for thee
Thy murder of thy Brother, (being so brib'd)
And writ him in the list of my proscrib'd
After thy fact, to saue thy little shame:
Thy incest, with thy Sister, I not name.
These are too light. *Fate* will haue thee pursue
Deedes, after which no Mischiefe can be new;
The ruine of thy *Cowntrey*: Thou wert built
For such a worke, and borne for no lesse guilt:
What though defeated once th'hast beene, and knowne,
Tempt it againe; That is thy act, or none.
What all the seuerall Ills, that visite earth,
(Brought forth by night, with a sinister birth)
Plagues, Famine, Fire could not reach vnto,
The Sword, nor Surfets; let thy fury doe:
Make all past, present, future ill thine owne;
And conquer all example, in thy one.
Nor let thy thought finde any vacant time
To hate an old, but still a fresher crime
Drowne the remembrance; Let not mischief cease,
But, while it is in punishing, encrease.
Conscience, and care die in thee; And be free
Not Heau'n it selfe from thy impiety:
Let Night grow blacker with thy plots; and Day,
At shewing but thy head forth, start away
From this halfe-*Sphears*: and leaue *Romes* blinded walls
T'embrace lusts, hatreds, slaughters, funerals,

CATILINE.

And not recouer sight, till their owne flames
Doe light them to their ruines. All the names
Of thy Confederates, too, be no lesse great
In hell, then here ; That, when we would repeate
Our strengths in Muster, we may name you all,
And *Furies*, vpon you, for *Furies*, call.
Whilst, what you doe, doth strike them into feares,
Or make them grieue, and wish your mischief theirs.

CATILINE.

IT is decree'd. Nor shall thy Fate, *ô Rome*,
Resist my vow. Though Hills were set on Hills,
And Seas met Seas, to garde thee ; I would through ;
I, plough vp rockes, steepe as the *Alpes*, in dust ;
And laue the *Tyrrhene* waters, into cloudes ;
But I would reach thy head, thy head, proud *Citty* :
The ills, that I haue done, cannot be safe
But by attempting greater ; and I feele
A spirit, within me, chides my sluggish handes,
And sayes, they haue beene innocent too long.
Was I a Man, bred great, as *Rome* her selfe ?
One, form'd for all her honors, all her glories ?
Equall to all her titles ? That could stand
Close vp, with *Atlas* ; and sustaine her name
As strong, as he doth Heau'n ? And, was I,
Of all her brood, mark'd out for the repulse
By her no voice, when I stood *Candidate*,
To be Commander in the *Ponticke* warre ?
I will, hereafter, call her Stepdame, euer.
If shee can loose her nature, I can loose
My piety ; and in her stony entrailes
Digge me a seate : where, I will liue, againe,
The labour of her wombe, and be a burden
Weightier then all the Prodigies, and Monsters,
That shee hath teem'd with, since shee first knew *Mars*.

CATILINE.

CATILINE, AURELIA.

WHO's there? AV R. Tis I. CAT. *Aurelia*? AV R. Yes. AV R.

And breake, like day, my beauty, to this circle: (Appeare,
Vpbraid thy *Phœbus*, that he is so long

In mounting to that point, which should giue thee
Thy proper splendour. Wherefore frownes my sweet?

Haue I too long bene absent from these lips,
This cheeke, these eyes? what is my trepasse? speake.

AV R. It seemes, you know, that can accuse your selfe.

CAT. I will redeeme it. AV R. Still, you say so. When?

CAT. When *Orestilla*, by her bearing well
These my retirements, and stolne times for thought,

Shall giue their effects leaue to call her Queene
Of all the world, in place of humbled *Rome*.

AV R. You court me, now. CAT. As I would alwaies, Loue,

By this *Ambrosiacke* kisse, and this of *Nectar*;
Wouldst thou but heare as gladly, as I speake.

Could my *Aurelia* thinke, I meant her lesse;

When, wooing her, I first remou'd a Wife;

And then a Sonne, to make my bed, and house

Spatious, and fit t' embrace her? These were deeds

Not t' haue begunne with, but to end with more,

And greater: "He that, building, staves at one

"Floore, or the second, hath erected none.

'Twas how to raise thee, I was meditating;

To make some act of mine answere thy loue:

That loue, that, when my state was now quite sunke,

Came with thy wealth, and weighd it vp againe,

And made my 'emergent Fortune once more looke

About the maine; which, now, shall hit the starres,

And sticke my *Orestilla*, there, amongst 'hem,

If any tempest can but make the billow,

And any billow can but lift her greatnesse.

But, I must pray my loue, she will put on

Like habites with my selfe. I haue to doe.

With

CATFLINE.

With many men, and many natures. Some,
 That must be blowne, and sooth'd; as *Lentulus*,
 Whom I haue heau'd, with magnifying his bloud,
 And a vaine dreame, out of the *Sybill's* bookes,
 That a third man, of that great family
 Whereof he is descended, the *Corneli*,
 Should be a King in *Rome*: which I haue hir'd
 The flatt'ring *Augures* to interpret him,
Cinna, and *Sylla* dead. Then, bold *Cethegus*,
 Whose valour I haue turn'd into his payson,
 And prais'd so into daring, as he would
 Goe on vpon the Gods, kisse lightning, wrest
 The engine from the *Cyclop's*, and giue fire
 At face of a full cloud, and stand his ire,
 When I would bid him moue. Others there are
 Whom enuie to the state drawes, and puts on,
 For contumelies receiurd, (and such are sure ones)
 As *Curius*, and the fore-nam'd *Lentulus*,
 Both which haue beene degraded, in the *Senate*,
 And must haue their disgraces, still, new rub'd,
 To make 'hem smart, and labour of reuenge.
 Others, whom meere ambition fires, and dole
 Of *Provinces* abroad, which they haue faind
 To their crude hopes, and I as amply promis'd:
 These, *Lecca*, *Vargunteius*, *Bestia*, *Autronius*,
 Some, whom their wants oppresse, as th'idle Captaines
 Of *Sylla's* troopes; and diuers *Roman* Knights
 (The profuse wasters of their patrimonies)
 So threatned with their debts, as they will, now,
 Runne any desperate fortune, for a change.
 These, for a time, we must relieue, *Aurelia*,
 And make our house their saue-gard. Like, for those,
 That feare the law, or stand within her gripe,
 For any act past, or to come. Such will
 From their owne crimes, be factious, as from ours.
 Some more there be, slight Ayrelings, will be wonne,

CATILINE.

With dogs, and horses ; or, perhaps, a whore ;
Which must be had : And, if they venter liues,
For vs, *Aurelia*, we must hazard honors
A little. Get thee store, and change of women,
As I haue boyes ; and giue 'hem time, and place,
And all conuiuece : Be thy selfe, too, courtly ;
And entertaine, and feast, sit vp, and reuell ;
Call all the great, the fayre, and spirited *Dames*
Of *Rome* about thee, and beginne a fashion
Of freedome, & community. Some will thanke thee,
Though the sowre *Senate* frowne, whose heads must ake
In feare, and feeling too. We must not spare
Or cost, or modestie. It can but shew
Like one of *Iuno's*, or of *Ioue's* disguises
In eyther thee, or mee ; and will as soone,
When things succeed, be throwne by, or let fall ;
As is a vaile put of, a visor chang'd,
Or the *Scene* shifted, in our *Theaters*.
Who's that ? It is the voyce of *Lentulus*.
AVR. Or of *Cethegus*. CAT. In, my faire *Aurelia*,
And thinke vpon these artes : They must not see,
How farre you are trusted with these priuacies ;
Though, by their shoulders, necks, & heads you rise.

LENTVLVS. CETHEGVS.
CATILINE.

IT is, mee thinkes, a Morning, full of *Fate*.
It riseth slowly, as her sullen carre
Had all the weights of sleepe, and death hung at it.
She is not rosy-fingerd, but swolne blacke.
Her face is like a water, turnd to bloud,
And her sicke head is bound about with clouds,
As if she threatned night, ere noone of day.
It does not looke, as it would haue a *Hayle*
Or *Health*, wish'd in it, as on other Mornes.

CET.

CATFLINE.

CET. Why, all the fitter, *Lentulus* : Our comming
Is not for salutation, we haue businesse.

CAT. Said nobly, braue *Cethegus*. Where's *Antronius*?

CET. Is he not come? CAT. Not here. CET. Nor *Vargunteius*?

CAT. Neither. CET. A fire in their beds, and bosomes,
That so will serue their sloth, rather then vertue.

They are no *Romanes*, and at such high neede

AS NOW. LEN. Both they, *Longinus*, *Lecca*, *Curius*,

Fuluius, *Gabinus*, gaue me word, last night,

By *Lucius Bestia*, they would all be here,

And early. CET. Yes. As you, had I not call'd you.

Come, we all sleepe, and are meere Dormice; Flies,

A little lesse then dead : More dulnesse hangs

On vs, then on the Morne. W'are spirit-bound;

In ribs of ice; our whole blouds are one stone;

And Honour cannot thaw vs; nor our wants,

Though they burne, hot as feuers, to our states.

CAT. I muse they would be tardy, at an houre

Of so great purpose. CET. If the Gods had call'd

Them, to a purpose, they would iust haue come

With the same Tortoyse speed, that are thus slow

To such an action, which the Gods will enuie.

As asking no lesse meanes, then all their powers

Conioyn'd, t'effect. I would haue seene *Rome* burn't,

By this time; and her ashes in an Vrne:

The *Kingdome* of the *Senate*, rent asunder;

And the degenerate, talking Gowne, runne frightened,

Out of the ayre of *Italy*. CAT. Spirit of men!

Thou, heart of our great enterprife! how much

Iloue these voyces in thee! CET. O the daies

Of *Sylla's* sway, when the free sword tooke leaue

To act all that it would! CAT. And was familiar

With entrailes, as our *Augures*! CET. Sonnes kild Fathers,

Brothers their Brothers. CAT. And had price and praise.

All hate had licence giuen it; all rage raynes.

CET. Slaughter bestrid the streets, and stretch'd himsele

CATJLINE.

To seeme more huge ; whilst to his stayned thighes
The gore he drew flow'd vp : and carried downe
Whole heapes of limmes, and bodies, through his arch.
No Age was spar'd, no Sexe. CAT. Nay, no Degree.
CET. Not Infants, in the porch of life were free.
The Sicke, the Old, that could but hope a day
Longer, by natures bounty, not let slay.
Virgins, and Widdowes, Matrons, pregnant Wiues,
All dyed. CAT. 'Twas crime enough, that they had liues.
To strike but only those, that could doe hurt,
Was dull, and poore. Some fell to make the number
As some the prey. CET. The rugged *Charon* fainted,
And ask'd a nauie, rather then a boate,
To ferry ouer the sad World that came :
The mawes, and dennes of beasts could not receiue
The bodies, that those soules were frighted from ;
And e'en the graues were fild with men yet liuing,
Whose flight, and feare had mix'd them, with the dead.
CAT. And this shall be againe, and more, and more,
Now *Lentulus*, the third *Cornelius*,
Is to stand vp in *Rome*. LEN. Nay, vrge not that
Is so vncertaine. CAT. How! LEN. I meane, not clear'd.
And, therefore, not to be reflected on.
CAT. The *Sybill's* leaues vncertaine ? or the Comments
Of our graue, deepe, diuining men not cleare ?
LEN. All Prophecies, you know, suffer the torture.
CAT. But this, already, hath confess'd without.
And so beene weigh'd, examin'd, and compar'd,
As 't were malicious ignorance in him,
Would faint in the beliefe. LEN. Doe you beleeeue it ?
CAT. Doe I loue *Lentulus* ? or pray to see it ?
LEN. The *Augures* all are constant, I am meant. (*Cinna.*)
CAT. They had lost their science else. LEN. They count from
CAT. And *Sylla* next, and so make you the third ;
All that can say the Sunne is ris'n, must thinke it.
LEN. Men marke me more, of late, as I come forth.

CAT.

CATILINE.

C A T. Why, what can they doe lesse? *Cinna*, and *Sylla*
Are set, and gone : And we must turne our eyes
On him that is, and shines. Noble *Cethegus*,
But view him with me, here : He lookes, already,
As if he shooke a Scepter, o're the *Senate*,
And the aw'd purple dropt their roddes, and axes.
The Statues melt againe ; and household Gods
In grones confesse the trauaile of the City ;
The very walles sweate blood before the change ;
And stones start out to ruine, ere it comes.

C E T. But he, and we, and all are idle still.

L E N. I am your creature, *Sergius* : And what ere
The great *Cornelian* Name shall winne to be,
It is not *Augury*, nor the *Sybil's* Bookes,
But *Catiline* that makes it. C A T. I am shadow

To honor'd *Lentulus*, and *Cethegus* here,
Who are the heires of *Mars*. C E T. By *Mars* himselfe,
Catiline is more my parent : For whose vertue
Earth cannot make a shadow great inough,
Though *Enuie* should come too. O, there they're.
Now we shall talke more, though we yet doe nothing.

AVTRONIVS, VARGVNTIVS, LONGINVS,
CVRIVS, LECCA, BESTIA, FVLVIVS,
GABINIVS, &c.

H Aile *Lucius Catiline*. V A R. Haile noble *Sergius*.
L O N. Haile *Publius Lentulus*. C V R. Haile the third *Cornelius*.
L E C. Haile *Cethegus* haile. C E T. Haile sloth, and words,
In steed of Men, and Spirits. C A T. Nay, deare *Caius*;
C E T. Are your eyes yet vnfeel'd ? Dare they looke day
In the dull face ? C A T. Hee's zealous, for the'affaire,
And blames your tardy comming, Gentlemen.
C E T. Vnlesse, we had sold our selues to sleepe, and ease,
And would be our slaues slaues. C A T. Pray you forbear.

C E T. The North is not so starke, and cold. C A T. *Cethegus*.

CATLINE.

B E S. We shall redeeme all, if your fire will let vs.

C A T. You are too full of lightning, noble *Caius*.

Boy, see all doores be shut, that none approach vs,

On this part of the house. Go you, and bid

The Priest, he kill the slaue I mark'd last night;

And bring me of his blood, when I shall call him:

Till then, waite all without. V A R. How is't, *Antonius*? (thing?

A V T. *Longinus*? L O N. *Curius*? C V R. *Lecca*? V A R. Feele you no-

L O N. A strange, vnwonted horror doth inuade me,

I know not what it is! L E C. The day goes backe,

Or else my senses! C V R. As at *Atreus* feast!

F V L. Darknesse growes more & more! L E N. The *Vestall* flame,

I think, be out. G A B. What groane was that? C E T. Our phant'sies.

Strike fire, out of our selues, and force a day.

A V T. Againe it sounds! B E S. As all the Citie gaue it!

C E T. We feare what our selues faine. V A R. What light is this?

C V R. Look forth. L E N. It still grows greater. L E C. From whence

L O N. A Bloody arme it is, that holds a pine (comes it?

Lighted, about the *Capitoll*: And, now,

It waues vnto vs. C A T. Braue, and omenous!

Our enterprize is seal'd. C E T. In spite of darknesse,

That would discountenance it. Looke no more;

We loose time, and our selues: To what we came for,

Speake *Lucius*, we attend you. C A T. Noblest *Romanes*,

If you were lesse, or, that your faith, and vertue

Did not hold good that title, with your blood,

I should not, now, vnprofitably spend

My selfe in words, or catch at emptie hopes,

By ayrie waies, for solide certainties.

But since in many, and the greatest dangers,

I still haue knowne you no lesse true, then valiant,

And that I tast, in you, the same affections,

To will, or nill, to thinke things good, or bad,

Alike with me: (which argues your firme friendship)

I dare the boldier, with you, set on foote,

Or leade, vnto this great, and goodliest action.

What

CATJLINE.

What I haue thought of it afore, you all
Haue heard apart ; I then exprefs'd my zeale
Vnto the glory ; Now, the neede enflames mee
When I fore-thinke the hard conditions,
Our states must vndergoe, except, in time,
We do redeeme our selues to liberty,
And breake the yron yoake, forg'd for our necks.
For, what lesse can we call it? when we see
The common-wealth engross'd so by a few,
The Giants of the state, that do, by turnes,
Enioy her, and defile her. All the Earth,
Her Kings, and *Tetrarchs*, are their tributaries ;
People, and Nations pay them houely stipends:
The riches of the world flowes to their coffers,
And not, to *Romes*. While (but those few) the rest,
How euer great we are, honest, and valiant,
Are hearded with the vulgar ; and so kept,
As we were onely bred, to consume corne,
Or weare out wooll, to drinke the Cities water:
Vngrac'd, without authoritie, or marke,
Trembling beneath their rods, to whom, (if all
Were well in *Rome*) we should come forth bright axes.
All Places, Honors, Offices are theirs ;
Or where they will conferre 'hem : They leaue vs
The dangers, the repulses, iudgements, wants;
Which how long will you beare most valiant spirits?
Were we not better to fall, once, with vertue,
Then draw a wretched, and dishonor'd breath
To loose with shame, when these mens pride will laugh?
I call the faith of Gods, and Men to question;
The power is in our hands ; our bodies able
Our mindes as strong; O'th' contrary, in them,
All things growne aged, with their wealth, and yeares.
There wants, but onely to beginne the businesse,
The issue is certaine. C E T. L O N. On, Let vs go on. (soule,
C V R. B E S. Go on, braue *Sergius*. C A T. It doth strike my
C 2 And

CATLIN E.

(And, who can scape the stroke, that hath a soule,
Or, but the smallest ayre of Man within him?)
To see them swell with treasure; which they poure
Out i' their riots, eating, drinking, building,
I, i' the sea : planing of Hilles with Valleys;
And rayning Vallies about Hilles, whilst wee
Haue not, to giue our Bodies Necessaries.
They ha' their change of Houses, Manors, Lordships;
We scarce a fire, or poore household *Lar*.
They buy rare *Atticke* statues, *Tyrian* hangings,
Ephesian pictures, and *Corinthian* plate,
Attalicke garments, and, now new-found, Gemmes
Since *Pompey* went for *Asia* ; which they purchase
At price of *Provinces*. The Riuer *Phasis*
Cannot affoord 'hem Fowle; nor *Lucrine* Lake
Oysters enow : *Circei*, too, is search'd
To please the witty Gluttonie of a meale.
Their ancient Habitations they neglect,
And set vp new ; Then, if the Echo like not
In such a roome, they plucke downe those; build newer,
Alter them too ; and, by all franticke waies,
Vexe their wild wealth, as they molest the people,
From whom they force it; Yet, they cannot tame,
Or ouercome their riches : Not, by making,
Bathes, Orchards, Fish-pooles, letting in of seas,
Here ; and, then there, forcing 'hem out againe,
With mountaynous heapes ; for which the Earth hath lost
Most of her ribbes, as entrayles, being now
Wounded no lesse for Marble, then for gold.
We, all this while, like calme, benum'd Spectators,
Sit, till our seates do cracke ; and doe not heare
The thundring ruines, whilst, at home, our wants,
Abroad, our debts do vrge vs, our states daily
Bending to bad, our hopes to worse : And, what
Is left, but to be crush'd ? Wake, wake braue Friends,
And meete the liberty you oft haue wish'd for.

Behold,

CATJLINE.

Behold, renowne, riches, and glory court you.
 Fortune holds out these to you, as rewards.
 Me thinkes (though I were dumbe) th'affaire it selfe
 The opportunity, your needes, and dangers,
 With the braue spoile the warre brings, should inuite you.
 Vse me your Generall, or Souldier : Neither,
 My Minde, nor Body shall be wanting to you.
 And, being *Consul*, I not doubt t' effect,
 All that you wish : If Trust not flatter me,
 And you had, rather, still be slaues, then free. (for.
 C E T. Free, free. L O N. Tis freedome. C V R. Freedome we all stand
 C A T. Why, these are noble voices. Nothing wants then,
 But that we take a solemne *Sacrament*,
 To strengthen our designe. C E T. And so to act it.
 Differring hurts, where powers are most prepar'd.
 A V T. Yet, ere we enter into open act,
 (With fauour) 't were no losse, if 't might be enquir'd
 What the Condition of these Armes would be? (Friendes!
 V A R. I, and the meanes, to carry vs through. C A T. How,
 Thinke you, that I would bid you, graspe the winde?
 Or call you to th'embracing of a cloude?
 Put your knowne valures on so deare a businesse,
 And haue no other second then the Danger,
 Nor other Gyrlond then the losse? Become
 Your owne assurances. And, for the meanes,
 Consider, first, the starke security
 The common wealth is in, now; the whole *Senate*
 Sleepy, and dreaming no such violent blow;
 Their forces all abroad; of which the greatest,
 That might annoy vs most, is fardest off,
 In *Asia*, vnder *Pompey* : Those, neare hand,
 Commanded, by our friendes ; one Army' in *Spaine*,
 By *Cneus Piso*; th'other in *Mauritania*,
 By *Nucerinus*; both which I haue firme,
 And fast vnto our Plot. My selfe, then, standing
 Now to be *Consul*; with my hop'd Colleague

CATILINE.

Caius Antonius, one, no lesse engag'd
By his wants then we : And whom I haue power to melt,
And cast in any mould. Beside, some others
That will not yet be nam'd, (both sure, and Great ones)
Who, when the time comes, shall declare themselues,
Strong, for our party ; so, that no resistance
In nature can be thought. For our reward, then,
First, all our Debts are paid ; Dangers of Law,
Actions, Decrees, Iudgments against vs quitted,
The rich Men, as in *Sylla's* times, proscrib'd,
And Publication made of all their goods ;
That House is yours ; That Land is his ; Those Waters,
Orchards, and walkes a third's : He has that Honor,
And he that Office. Such a *Province* fals
To *Vargunteius* : This to *Antronius* : That
To bold *Cethegus* : *Rome* to *Lentulus* :
You share the World, her *Magistracies*, *Priest-hoods*,
Wealth, and Felicity amongst you, Friends ;
And *Catiline* your seruant. Would you, *Curius*,
Reuenge the Contumelie stucke vpon you,
In being remoued from the *Senate* ? Now,
Now, is your time. Would *Publius Lentulus*
Strike, for the like disgrace ? Now, is his time.
Would stout *Longinus* walke the streets of *Rome*,
Facing the *Prator* ? Now, has he a time
To spurne, and treade the *Fasces*, into dirt
Made of the *Usurers*, and the *Lictors* braines.
Is there a Beauty, here in *Rome*, you loue ?
An Enemy you would kill ? What Head's not yours ?
Whose Wife, which Boy, whose Daughter, of what race,
That th' Husband, or glad Parents shall not bring you,
And boasting of the office ? Only, spare
Your selues, and you haue all the earth beside,
A field, to exercise your longings in.
I see you rais'd, and reade your forward mindes
High, i' your faces. Bring the wine, and blood

CATILINE.

You haue prepar'd there. LON. How! CAT. I haue kill'd a slaue,
And of his blood caus'd to be mixt with wine.
Fill euery man his bowle. There cannot be
A fitter drinke, to make this *Sanction* in.
Here, I beginne the Sacrament to all.
O, for a clap of thunder now, as loud,
As to be heard through-out the Vniuerse,
To tell the world the fact, and to applaude it.
Be firme, my hand; not shed a drop: but poure
Fiercenesse into me, with it; and fell thirst
Of more, and more: Till *Rome* be left as blood-lesse,
As euer her feares made her, or the sword.
And, when I leaue to wish this to thee, Stepdame
Or stop, to effect it, with my powers fainting;
So may my blood be drawne, and so drunke vp
As is this slaues. LON. And so be mine. LEN. And mine.
AVT. And mine. VAR. And mine. CET. Crowne me my bowle yet
Here, I doe drinke this, as I would doe *Cato's*, (fuller.
Or the new fellow *Cicero's*: with that vow
Which *Catiline* hath giuen. CVR. So doe I.
LEC. And I. BES. And I. FVL. And I. GAB. And all of vs.
CAT. Why, now's the businesse safe, & each man strengthened.
Sirah, what aile you? PAG. Nothing. BES. Somewhat modest.
CAT. Slaue, I will strike your soule out, with my foote,
Let me but finde you againe with such a face:
You Whelp. BES. Nay *Lucius*. CAT. Are you coying it,
When I command you to be free, and generall
To all? BES. You'll be obseru'd. CAT. Arise, and shew
But any least auersion i' your looke
To him that bourdes you next, and your throate opens.
Noble Confederates, thus farre is perfect.
Only your suffrages I will expect,
At the assembly for the choosing *Consuls*,
And all the voices you can make by friendes
To my election. Then let me worke out
Your fortunes, and mine owne. Meane while, all rest

CATILINE.

Seal'd vp, and silent, as when rigid frosts
Haue bound vp Brookes, and Riuers, forc'd wild beasts
Vnto their caues, and birds into the woods,
Clownes to their houses, and the Countrey sleepes;
That, when the sodaine thaw comes, we may breake
Vpon 'hem like a deluge, bearing downe
Halfe *Rome* before vs, and inuade the rest
VVith cries, and noise able to wake the Vrnes
Of those are dead, and make their ashes feare.
“The horrors, that doe strike the world, should come
“Loud, and vnlook'd for; Till they strike, be dumbe.
C E T. Oraculous *Sergius*. L E N. God-like *Catiline*.

C H O R V S.

CAN nothing great, and at the height
Remaine so long? but it's owne weight
VVill ruine it? Or, is't blinde Chance,
That still desires new States t'aduance,
And quit the old? Else, why must *Rome*
Be by it selfe; now, ouercome?
Hath shee not foes inow of those,
VVhom shee hath made such, and enclose
Her round about? Or, are they none,
Except shee first become her owne?
O wretchednesse of greatest States,
To be obnoxious to these Fates:
That cannot keepe, what they doe gaine;
And what they raise so ill sustaine.
Rome, now, is Mistresse of the whole
VVorld, Sea, and Land, to either Pole;
And euen that Fortune will destroy
The power that made it. Shee doth ioy
So much in plenty, wealth, and ease,
As, now, th'excesse is her disease.
Shee builds in gold; And, to the Starres:

As,

CATFLINE.

As, if shee threatned Heau'n with warres;
And seekes for Hell, in quarries deepe,
Giuing the fiends, that there doe keepe,
A hope of day. Her Women weare
The spoiles of Nations, in an eare,
Chang'd for the treasure of a shell;
And, in their loose attires, doe swell
More light then sailes, when all windes play:
Yet, are the men more loose then they,
More kemb'd, and bath'd, and rub'd, and trim'd,
More sleek'd, more soft, and slacker limm'd;
As prostitute: so much, that kinde
May seeke it selfe there, and not finde.
They cate on beds of silke, and gold;
At yuorie tables; or, wood sold
Dearet then it: and, leauing plate,
Doe drinke in stone of higher rate.
They hunt all grounds; and draw all seas;
Foule euery brooke, and bush; to please
Their wanton tast: and, in request
Haue new, and rare things; not the best.

Hence comes that wild, and vast expence,
That hath enforc'd *Romes* vertue, thence,
Which simple pouerty first made;
And, now, ambition doth inuade
Her state, with eating avarice,
Riot, and euery other vice.
Decrees are bought, and Lawes are sold,
Honors, and Offices for gold;
The peoples voices: And the free
Tongues, in the *Senate*, bribed bee.
Such ruine of her manners *Rome*
Doth suffer now, as shee's become
(Without the Gods it soone gaine-say)
Both her owne spoiler, and owne pray.
So, *Asia*, 'art thou cru'llly euen

CATJLINE.

With vs, for all the blowes thee giuen ;
When we, whose vertue conquer'd thee,
Thus, by thy vices, ruin'd bee.

Act. ij.

F V L V I A, G A L L A,
S E R V A N T.

THose Roomes doe smell extremely ; Bring my glasse,
And table hether, *Galla.* G A L. Madame. F v l. Looke
VVithin, i' my blew Cabinet, for the pearle
I' had sent me last, and bring it. G A L. That from *Clodius* ?
F v l. From *Caius Cesar*. You' are for *Clodius*, still.
Or *Curius*. Sirha, if *Quintus Carinus* come,
I am not in fit moode ; I keepe my Chamber :
Giue warning so, without. G A L. Is this it ? Madame.
F v l. Yes, helpe to hang it in mine eare. G A L. Belceue me,
It is a rich one, Madame. F v l. I hope so :
It should not be worne there else. Make an end,
And binde my haire vp. G A L. As 'twas yesterday ?
F v l. No, nor the t'other day. When knew you me
Appeare, two dayes together, in one dressing ?
G A L. Will you ha't i' the globe, or spire ? F v l. How thou wilt ;
Any way, so thou wilt doe it, good Impertinence.
Thy company, if I slept not very well
A nights, would make me, an errant foole, with questions.
G A L. Alas Madam. F v l. Nay gentle halfe o' the Dialogue, cease.
G A L. I doe it, indeede, but for your exercise,
As your Phisitian bids me. F v l. How ! Do's he bid you
To anger me for exercise ? G A L. Not to anger you,
But stirre your blood a little : There's difference
Betweene luke-warme, and boyling, Madame. F v l. Ione !
She meanes to cooke me, I thinke ? Pray you, ha' done.

G A L.

CAT FLIN E.

G A L. I meane to dresse you, Madame. F v L. O my *Inno*,
 Be friend to me ! Offring at wit, too ? Why, *Galla* ! (done
 Where hast thou been ? G A L. Why, Madame ? F v L. What hast thou
 VWith thy poore innocent selfe ? G A L. Wherefore, sweet Madam ?
 F v L. Thus to come forth, so sodainly, a wit-worme ?
 G A L. It pleases you to flout one. I did dreame
 Of Ladie *Sempronia*. F v L. O, the wonder is out.
 That did infect thee ? VVell, and how ? G A L. Me thought,
 Shee did discourse the best. F v L. That euer thou heardst ?
 G A L. Yes. F v L. I thy sleepe ? Of what was her discourse ?
 G A L. O the *Republicke*, Madame, and the State,
 And how shee was in debt, and where shee meant
 To raise fresh summes : Shee's a great States-woman. (dame,
 F v L. Thou dream'st all this ? G A L. No, but you know she is Ma-
 And both a Mistresse of the *Latine* tongue,
 And of the *Greeke*. F v L. I, but I neuer dreamt it, *Galla*,
 As thou hast done, and therefore you must pardon me.
 G A L. Indeede, you mocke me, Madame. F v L. Indeede, no.
 Forth with your learned Ladie : Shee has a wit, too ?
 G A L. A very masculine one. F v L. A shee-*Criticke*, *Galla* ?
 And can compose, in verse, and make quicke iests,
 Modest, or otherwise ? G A L. Yes Madame. F v L. She can sing, too ?
 And play on Instruments ? G A L. Of all kindes, they say.
 F v L. And doth dance rarely ? G A L. Excellent. So well,
 As a bald *Senator* made a iest, and said,
 'Twas better, then an honest woman neede.
 F v L. Tut, shee may beare that. Few wise womens honesties
 VVill doe their courtship hurt. G A L. Shee's liberall too, Madam.
 F v L. VVhat of her money, or her honor, pray thee ?
 G A L. Of both, you know not which shee doth spare least.
 F v L. Acomely commendation. G A L. Troth, tis pittie
 Shee is in yeares. F v L. VVhy *Galla* ? G A L. For it is.
 F v L. O, is that all ? I thought thou' hadst had a reason.
 G A L. VVhy so I haue. Shee has beene a fine Ladie,
 And, yet, shee dresses herselfe, (except you Madame)
 One o' the best in *Rome* : and paints, and hides

CATILINE.

Her decayes very well. F v L. They say, it is
Rather a visor, then a face shee weares.

G A L. They wrong her verily Madame, shee do's sleeke
With crums of bread, and milke, and lies a nights
In as neate gloues. But shee is faine of late
To seeke, more then shee's sought to (the same is)

And so spends that way. F v L. Thou know'st all. But *Galla*,
VVhat say you to *Catilines* Ladie, *Orestilla*?

There is the Gallant. G A L. Shee do's well. Shee has
Very good sutes, and very rich : but, then,

Shee cannot put 'hem on. Shee knowes not, how
To weare a garment. You shall haue her all

Iewels, and gold sometimes, so that her selfe
Appeares the least part of her selfe. No' in troth,

As I liue, Madame, you put 'hem all downe

With your meere strength of iudgement ; and doe draw, too,
The world of *Rome* to follow you : you attire

Your selfe so diuersly, and with that spirit,

Still to the noblest humors. They could make

Loue to your dresse, although your face were away, they say.

F v L. And body too, and ha' the better match on't?

Say they not so too, *Galla*? Now ! What newes

Trouailes your count'nance with? S E R. If't please you, Madam,
The Ladie *Sempronia* is lighted at the gate;

G A L. *Castor*, my dreame, my dreame. S E R. And comes to see you

G A L. For *Venus* sake, good Madame see her. F v L. Peace

The soole is wild, I thinke. G A L. And heare her talke,

Sweet Madame, of State-matters, and the *Senate*.

SEMPRONIA, FVLVIA, GALLA.

F *Vlvia*. good wench, how dost thou? F v L. Well, *Sempronia*.
Whither are you thus early addrest? S E M. To see
Aurelia Orestilla. Shee sent for me.

I came to call thee, with mee ; wilt thou goe?

F v L. I cannot now, in troth, I haue some letters

To write, and send away. S E M. Alas, I pittie thee.

CATILINE.

I ha' bene writing all this night, (and am
So very weary) vnto all the Tribes,
And Centuries, for their voyces, to helpe *Catiline*,
In his election. We shall make him Consul
I hope, amongst vs. *Crassus*, I, and *Cesar*
Will carry it for him. F v L. Do's he stand for't?
S E M. H'is the chiefe *Candidate*. F v L. Who stands beside?
Giue me some wine, and poulder for my teeth.
S E M. Here's a good pearle in troth. F v L. A prettie one.
S E M. A very orient one. There are Competitors,
Caius Antonius, *Publius Galba*, *Lucius*
Cassius Longinus, *Quintus Cornificius*,
Caius Licinius, and that talker, *Cicero*.
But *Catiline*, and *Antonius* will be chosen.
For toure of the other, *Licinius*, *Longinus*,
Galba, and *Cornificius* will giue way,
And *Cicero* they will not choose. F v L. No? Why?
S E M. It will be cross'd, by the Nobility.
GAL. How she do's vnderstand the common busines?
S E M. Nor, were it fit. He is but a new fellow,
An In-mate here in *Rome* (as *Catiline* calls him)
And, the *Patricians* should doe very ill,
To let the Consul-ship be so defil'd
As't would be, if he obtain'd it? A meere vpstart,
That has no pedigree, no house, no coate,
No ensignes of a family? F v L. He 'has vertue.
S E M. Hang vertue, where there is no blood? tis vice
And, in him, sawcinesse. Why should he presume
To be more learned, or more eloquent,
Then the Nobility? or boast any quality
Worthie a Noble man, himselfe not noble?
F v L. 'Twas vertue onely, at first, made all men noble.
S E M. I yeeld you, it might, at first, in *Romes* poore age;
When both her Kings, and Consuls held the plough,
Or garden'd well: But, now, we ha' no need,
To digge, or loose our sweat for't. We haue wealth,

CATFLINE.

Fortune and ease, and then their stocke, to spend on,
 Of Name, for Vertue, which will beare vs out
 'Gainst all new commers: and can neuer faile vs,
 While the succession staves. And, we must glorifie,
 A Mushrome? one of yesterday? a fine speaker?
 'Cause he has suck'd at *Athens*? and aduance him,
 To our owne losse? No *Fulvia*. There are they
 Can speake *Greeke* too, if need were. *Cesar* and I
 Haue sate vpon him; so hath *Crassus*, too;
 And others. We haue all decreed his rest,
 For rising farder. G A L. Excellent rare Lady!

F V L. *Sempronia*, you are beholden to my woman, here.

She do's admire you. S E M. O good *Galla*, how dost thou?

G A L. The better, for your learned Ladiship.

S E M. Is this greypoulder, a good Dentifrice?

F V L. You see I vse it. S E M. I haue one is whiter.

F V L. It may be so. S E M. Yet this smells well. G A L. And clenfes
 Very well, Madam, and resists the crudities.

S E M. *Fulvia*, I pray thee, who comes to thee, now?

Which of our great *Patricians*? F V L. Faith, I keepe

No Catalogue of 'hem. Sometimes I haue one,

Sometimes another, as the toy takes their blouds.

S E M. Thou hast them all. Faith, when was *Quintus Curius*,

Thy speciall seruant, here? F V L. My speciall seruant?

S E M. Yes, thy Idolater, I call him. F V L. He may be yours,

If you do like him. S E M. How! F V L. He comes, not, here,
 I haue forbid him, hence. S E M. *Venus* forbid! (rather.

F V L. Why? S E M. Your so constant Louer. F V L. So much the
 I would haue change. So would you too, I am sure.

And now, you may haue him. S E M. Hee's fresh yet, *Fulvia*:

Beware, how you do tempt mee. F V L. Faith, for mee,

He' is somewhat to fresh, indeed. The salt is gone,
 That gaue him season. His good gifts are done.

He dos not yeeld the crop that he was wont.

And, for the act, I can haue secret fellows,

With backs worth ten of him, and shall please mee

(Now

CATFLINE.

(Now that the Land is fled) a myriade better. (dings,
 S E M. And those one may command. F v L. Tis true, These Lor-
 Your noble *Faunes*, they are so, imperious, faucy,
 Rude, and as boystrous as *Centaurcs*; leaping
 A Ladie, at first sight. S E M. And must be borne
 Both with, and out, they thinke. F v L. Tut, Ile obserue
 None of 'hem all: nor humor 'hem a iot
 Longer, then they come laden in the hand,
 And say, here's tone, for th' tother. S E M. Do's *Cesar* giue well?
 F v v. They shall all giue, and pay well, that come here
 If they will haue it: and that iewels, pearle,
 Plate, or round summes, to buy these. I'am not taken
 With a Cob-Swan, or a high-mounting Bull
 As foolish *Leda*, and *Europa* were,
 But the bright gold, with *Danae*. For such price,
 I would endure, a rough, harsh *Iupiter*,
 Or ten such thundring *Ganisters*; and refraine
 To laugh at 'hem, till they are gone, with my much suffering.
 S E M. Th' art a most happy wench, that thus canst make
 Vse of thy youth, and freshnesse, in the season:
 And hast it to make vse of. F v L. (Which is the happinesse.)
 S E M. I am, now, faine to giue to them, and keepe
 Musique, and a continuall Table; to inuite 'hem;
 F v L. Yes, and they studie your kitchin, more then you:
 S E M. Eate my selfe out with vsury, and my Lord, too,
 And all my officers, and friends beside;
 To procure moneyes, for the needfull charge
 I must be at, to haue 'hem: And, yet, scarce
 Can Iatchieue 'hem, so. F v L. Why, that's because
 You affect yong faces onely, and smooth chinnes,
Sempronia. If youl'd loue beards, and bristles,
 (One with another, as others doe) or wrinkles—
 Who's that? Looke *Galla*. G A L. Tis the partie, Madame.
 F v L. What party? Has he no name? G A L. Tis *Quintus Curius*.
 F v L. Did I not bid 'hem, say, I kept my chamber?
 G A L. Why, so they do. S E M. Ile leaue you, *Fulvia*.

CATFLINE.

F v L. Nay, good *Sempronia*, stay. S E M. In faith, I will not.
 F v L. By *Iuno*, I would not see him. S E M. Ile not hinder you.
 G A L. You know, he will not be kept out, Madam. S E M. No,
 Nor shall not, carefull *Galla*, by my meanes.
 F v L. As I doe liue, *Sempronia*. S E M. What needs this?
 F v L. Go, say, I am asleepe, and ill at ease.
 S E M. By *Castor*, no; I'll tell him, you are awake;
 And very well. Stay *Galla*. Farewell *Fulvia*:
 I know my manners. Why doe you labour, thus,
 With action, against purpose? *Quintus Curius*,
 She is, yfaith, here, and in disposition.
 F v L. Spight, with your courtesie. How shall I be tortur'd!

C V R I V S, F V L V I A, G A L L A.

WHere are you, sayre one, that conceale your selfe;
 And keepe your beauty, within lockes, and barres, here,
 Like a fooles treasure? F v L. True, she was a foole,
 When, first, she shew'd it to a theefe. C v R. How pretty Solennesse!
 So harsh, and short? F v L. The fooles Artillery, sir.
 C v R. Then, take my gowne off, for the encounter. F v L. Stay sir.
 I am not in the moode. C v R. Ile put you into't.
 F v L. Best, put your selfe, i' your case againe, and keepe
 Your furious appetite warme, against you haue place for't.
 C v R. What! do you coy it? F v L. No sir. I am not proud.
 C v R. I would you were. You thinke, this state becomes you?
 By *Hercules*, it do's not: Looke i' your glasse, now,
 And see, how sciruely that countenance shewes;
 You would be loth to owne it. F v L. I shall not change it.
 C v R. Faith, but you must; and slacke this bended brow;
 And shoote lesse scorne: There is a *Fortune* comming
 Towards you, Daintie, that will take thee, thus,
 And set thee aloft, to tread vpon the head
 Of her owne statue here in *Rome*. F v L. I wonder,
 Who let this Promiser in! Did you, good *Diligence*?
 Giue him his bribe, againe. Or if you had none,

Pray

CATFLINE.

Pray you demand him, why he is so ventrous,
 To presse, thus, to my chamber, being forbidden
 Both, by my selfe, and seruants? C v R. How! This's handsome!
 And somewhat a new straine! F v L. 'Tis not strain'd, Sir.
 'Tis very naturall. C v R. I haue knowne it otherwise,
 Betweene the parties, though. F v L. For your fore-knowledge,
 Thanke that, which made it. It will not be so,
 Hereafter, I assure you. C v R. No, my Mistresse?
 F v L. No though you bring the same materials. C v R. Heare me,
 You ouer act when you should vnderdoe,
 A little call your selfe againe, and thinke.
 If you doe this to practise on me' or finde
 At what forc'd distance you can hold your seruant;
 That' it be an artificiall trick, to enflame,
 And fire me more, fearing my loue may neede it,
 As, heretofore, you ha' done; why, proceede.
 F v L. As I ha' done heretofore? C v R. Yes, when you'd faine
 Your husbands ielousie, your seruants watches,
 Speake softly, and runne often to the dore,
 Or to the windore, forme strange feares that were not;
 As if the pleasure were lesse acceptable,
 That were secure. F v L. You are an impudent fellow.
 C v R. And, when you might better haue done it, at the gate,
 To take me in at the casement. F v L. I take you in?
 C v R. Yes, you my Lady. And, then, being abed with you,
 To haue your well taught wayter, here, come running,
 And cry, her Lord, and hide me without cause,
 Crush'd in a chest, or thrust vp in a chimney.
 When he, tame Crow, was winking at his Farme;
 Or, had he beene here, and present, would haue kept
 Both eyes, and beake seal'd vp, for sixe *sesterces*.
 F v L. You haue a slanderous, beastly, vnwash'd tongue,
 I' your rude mouth, and sauouring your selfe,
 Vn-manner'd Lord. C v R. How now! F v L. It is your title, Sir.
 Who (since you ha' lost your owne good name, and know not
 What to loose more) care not, whose honor you wound,

CATLINE.

Or fame' you poyson with it. You should goe,
And vent your selfe, i' the region, where you liue,
Among the Suburbe-Brothels, Baudes, and Brokers,
Whither your broken fortunes haue design'd you.

C v R. Nay, then I must stop your furie, I see; and plucke
The tragicke visor off. Come, Ladie *Cypris*,
Know your owne vertues, quickly. Ile not be
Put to the woiing of you thus, afresh,
At euery turne, for all the *Venus* in you.

Yeeld, and be pliant; or by *Pollux*—How now?
Will *Lais* turne a *Lucrece*? F v L. No, but by *Castor*,
Hold off your Rauishers hands, I pierce your heart, else.
Ile not be put to kill my selfe, as shee did

For you, sweet *Tarquine*. What? doe you fall off?

Nay, it becomes you graciously. Put not vp.

You'll sooner draw your weapon on me, I thinke it,

Then on the *Senate*, who haue cast you forth

Disgracefully, to be the common tale

Of the whole City; base, infamous Man:

For, were you other, you would there imploy

Your desperate dagger. C v R. *Fulvia*, you doe know

The strengths you haue vpon me; Doe not vse

Your power too like a Tyran: I can beare,

Almost vtill you breake me. F v L. I doe know, Sir,

So do's the *Senate*, too, know, you can beare.

C v R. By all the Gods, that *Senate* will smart deepe

For your vpbraidings. I should be right sorry

To haue the meanes so to be veng'd on you,

(At least, the will) as I shall shortly on them.

But, goe you on still: Fare you well, deare Ladie;

You could not still be faire' vnlesse you were proud.

You will repent these moodes, and ere 't be long, too.

I shall ha' you come about, againe. F v L. Doe you thinke so?

C v R. Yes, and I know so. F v L. By what Augury?

C v R. By the faire Entrailles of the Matrons chests,
Gold, Pearle, and Iewels, here in *Rome*, which *Fulvia*

Will.

CATFLINGE.

Will then (but late) say that shee might haue shar'd.
And, grieuing, misse. F v L. Tut, all your promis'd Mountaines,
And Seas, I am so stalely acquainted with—.

C v R. But, when you see the vniuersall floud
Runne by your coffers; that my *Lords*, the *Senators*,
Are sold for slaues, their Wiues for bond-women,
Their Houses, and fine Gardens giuen away,
And all their goods, vnder the *Speare*, at out-cry,
And you haue none of this; but are still *Fulua*,
Or perhaps lesse, while you are thinking of it :
You will aduise then, Coyneffe, with your cushion,
And looke o' your fingers; say, how you were wish'd;
And so, he left you. F v L. Call him againe, *Galla*:

This is not vsuall, something hangs on this
That I must winne out of him. C v R. How now, melt you?

F v L. Come, you will laugh, now, at my easinesse?
But, 'tis no miracle; Doues, they say, will bill,
After their pecking, and their murmuring. C v R. Yes,
And then 'tis kindly. I would haue my Loue
Angry, sometimes, to sweeten off the rest

Of her behauour. F v L. You doe see, I study
How I may please you, then. But you thinke, *Curius*
Tis couetise hath wrought me; If you loue me
Change that vnkinde conceipt. C v R. By my lou'd soule,
I loue thee, like to it; and 'tis my study,
More then mine owne reuenge, to make thee happy.

F v L. And 'tis that iust reuenge doth make me happy
To heare you prosequute: and which, indeede,
Hath wonne me, to you, more, then all the hope
Of what can else be promis'd. I loue valour
Better, then any Ladie loues her face,
Or dressing: then my selfe do's. Let me grow
Still, where I doe embrace. But what good meanes
Ha' you reflect it? Shall I know your proiect?

C v R. Thou shalt, if thou'lt be gracious. F v L. As I can be.

C v R. And wilt thou kisse me, then? F v L. As close as shels

CATILINE.

Of Cockles meet. C v r. And print 'hem deep? F v l. Quite through
Our subtle lips. C v r. And often? F v l. I will sow 'hem,
Faster then you can reape. What is your plot?

C v r. Why, now my *Fulvia* lookes, like her bright name,
And is her selfe. F v l. Nay, answere me, your plot:

I pray thee tell me, *Quintus*. C v r. I, these sounds
Become a Mistrresse. Here is harmony.

When you are harsh, I see, the way to bend you
Is not with violence, but seruice. Cruell,

A Lady is a fire, gentle, a light.

F v l. Will you not tell me, what I aske you? C v r. All,

That I can thinke, sweet Loue, or my breast holds,

Ile poure into thee. F v l. What is your designe; then?

C v r. Ile tell thee; *Catiline* shall now be *Consull*:

But, you will heare more, shortly. F v l. Nay, deare Loue.

C v r. Ile speake it, in thine armes; Let vs goe in.

Rome will be sack'd, her wealth will be our prize;

By publique ruine, priuate spirits must rise.

C H O R V S.

Great Father *Mars*, and greater *Ioue*,
By whose high auspice, *Rome* hath stood

So long; and, first, was built in blood

Of your great Nephew, that then stroue

Not with his brother, but your Rites:

Be present to her now, as then;

And let not proud, and factious Men
Against your willes oppose their mights.

Our Consuls, now, are to be made;

O, put it in the publique voice

To make a free, and worthy choice;

Excluding such as would inuade

The Common wealth. Let whom we name

Haue wisedome, foresight, fortitude,

Be more with faith, then face endu'd,

And

CATFLINE.

And study conscience, about fame.
Such, as not seeke to get the start
 In State, by power, parts, or bribes,
 Ambition's baudes; but moue the Tribes
By vertue, modesty, desert.
Such, as to iustice will adhære,
 What euer great one it offend,
 And from the' embraced truth not bend
For enuie, hatred, gifts, or feare.
That, by their deedes, will make it knowne,
 Whose dignity they doe sustaine;
 And life, state, glory, all they gaine,
Count the Republicques, not their owne.
Such the old *Bruti*, *Decij* were,
 The *Cipi*, *Curtij*, who did giue
 Themselues for *Rome*: And would not liue,
As men, good, only for a yeare.
Such were the great *Camilli*, too;
 The *Fabij*, *Scipio's*; that still thought
 No worke, at price inough, was bought,
That for their Countrey they could doe.
And, to her honor, so did knit;
 As all their acts were vnderstood
 The sinewes of the Publique good:
And they themselues, one soule, with it.
These men were truely Magistrates;
 These neither practis'd force, nor formes;
 Nor did they leaue the helme, in stormes:
And such they are make happy States..

CATJLINE.

Act. iij.

CICERO, CATO, CATVLVS,
ANTONIVS, CRASSVS, CAESAR,
CHORVS, LICTORS.

Great Honors are great burdens: But, on whom
They're cast with enuy, he doth beare two loades.
His cares must still be double to his ioyes,
In any Dignity; where, if he erre
He findes no pardon: and, for doing well
A most small praise, and that wrung out, by force.
I speake this, *Romanes*, knowing what the weight
Of the high charge, you 'haue trusted to me, is.
Not, that thereby I would with art decline
The good, or greatnesse of your benefit;
For, I ascribe it to your singular grace
And vow, to owe it to no title else,
Except the Gods, that *Cicero*'s your *Consul*.
I haue no urnes; no dustie monuments;
No broken images of ancestors,
Wanting an eare, or nose; no forged tables
Of long descents, to boast false honors from;
Or be my vndertakers to your trust.
But a new Man (as I am stil'd in *Rome*)
Whom you haue dignified; and more, in whom
Yo'haue cut a way, and left it ope for vertue
Hereafter, to that place, which our Great men
Held shut vp, with all rampires, for themselues.
Nor haue but few of them, in time bene made
Your Consuls so; New men, before mee, none:
At my first suite; In my iust yeare; Preferd

CATJLINE.

To all Competitors; and some the noblest.

(haue

C R A. Now the vaine swels. C A E S. Vp glory. C I C. And to

Your lowde consents, from your owne vtter'd voyces;

Not silent bookes : nor from the meaner tribes,

But first, and last, the vniuersall concourse.

This is my ioy, my gladnesse. But my care,

My industrie, and vigilance now must worke,

That still your counsell of me be approu'd;

Both, by your selues, and those, to whom you haue,

With grudge, prefer'd mee : Two things I must labour,

That neither they vpbraid, nor you repent you.

For euery lapse of mine will, now, be call'd

Your error; if I make such: But, my hope is,

So to beare through, and out, the Consulship,

As spight shall ne're wound you, though it may mee.

And, for my selfe, I haue prepar'd this strength,

To do so well; as, if there happen ill

Vnto me, it shall make the Gods to blush,

And be their crime, not mine, that I am enui'd;

C A E S. O confidence! more new, then is the Man!

C I C. I know well, in what termes I doe receiue

The Common wealth, how vexed, how perplex'd :

In which, there's not that mischiefe, or ill fate,

That good men feare not, wicked men expect not.

I know, beside, some turbulent practises

Alreadie on foote, and rumors of moe dangers,

C R A. Or you will make them, if there be none. C I C. Last,

I know, 'twas this, which made the enuy, and pride

Of the Great *Romane* bloud bate, and giue way

To my election. C A T. *Marcus Tullius*, true;

Our neede made thee our Consull, and thy vertue.

C A E S. *Cato*, you will vndoe him, with your praise.

C A T. *Cesar* will hurt himselfe, with his owne enuie.

C H O. The voyce of *Cato* is the voyce of *Rome*.

C A T. The voyce of *Rome* is the consent of Heauen;

And that hath plac'd thee, *Cicero*, at the helme,

Where

CATILINE.

Where thou must render, now, thy selfe a Man,
And Master of thy art. Each pettie hand
Can steere a ship becalm'd; but he that will
Gouerne, and carry her to her endes, must know
His tides, his currents; how to shift his sayles;
What she will beare in foule, what in faire weathers;
Where her springs are, her leaks; & how to stop'hem;
What sands, what shelves, what rocks do threat' her;
The forces, and the natures of all winds,
Gusts, stormes, & tempests; when her keele ploughs hell
And decke knocks heauen: then, to manage her
Becomes the name, and office of a Pilot.

C I C. Which I'll performe, with all the diligence,
And fortitude I haue; not for my yeare,
But for my life; except my life be lesse,
And that my yeare conclude it: If it must,
Your will, lou'd Gods. This heart shall yet employ
A day, an houre is left me, so, for *Rome*.
As it shall spring a life, out of my death,
To shine, for euer glorious in my facts:

“The vicious count their yeares, vertuous their acts.

C H O. Most noble Consul! Let vs wait him home.

C A E S. Most popular Consul he is growne, me thinkes.

C R A. How the rout cling to him! C A E S. And *Cato* leads 'hem!

C R A. You, his colleague, *Antonius*, are not look't on.

A N T. Not I, nor do I care. C A E S. He enioyes rest,
And ease, the while: Let th'others spirit toyle,
And wake it out, that was inspir'd for turmoyle.

C A T V. If all reports be true, yet, *Caius Caesar*,
The time hath neede of such a watch, and spirit:

C A E S. Reports? Do you belecue 'hem *Catulus*,
Why, he do's make, and breed 'hem for the people;
T'endeare his seruice to 'hem. Do you not tast
An art, that is so common? *Popular* men,
They must create strange Monsters, and then quell 'hem;
To make their artes seeme something. Would you haue

Such

CATILINE.

Such an *Herculean* Actor in the Scene,

And not his *Hydra*? They must sweate no lesse

To fit their properties, then t'expresse their parts.

“C R A. Treasons, and guiltie men are made in States

“Too oft, to dignifie the Magistrates.

“C A T V. Those States be wretched, that are forc'd to buy

“Their Rulers fame, with their owne infamy.

C R A. We therefore, should prouide that ours do not.

C A E S. That will *Antonius* make his care. A N T. I shall.

C A E S. And watch the watcher. C A T V. Here comes *Catiline*.

How do's he brooke his late repulse? C A E S. I know not.

But hardly sure. C A T. *Longinus*, too, did stand?

C A E S. At first: But he gaue way vnto his friend.

C A T V. Who's that come? *Lentulus*? C A E S. Yes. He is againe

Taken into the Senate. A N T. And made Prætor.

C A T. I know't. He had my suffrage, next the Consuls;

C A E S. True, you were there, Prince of the Senate, then.

CATILINE, ANTONIVS, CATVLVS,
CAESAR. CRASSVS, LONGI-
NVS, LENTVLVS.

HAyle noblest *Romanes*. The most worthy Consul,

I gratulate your Honor. A N T. I could wish

It had beene happier, by your fellowship,

Most noble *Sergius*, had it pleas'd the people.

C A T I. It did not please the Gods; who' instruct the people.

And their vnquestion'd pleasures must be seru'd.

They know what's fitter for vs, then our selues;

And'twere impiety, to thinke against them.

C A T V. You beare it rightly, *Lucius*; and, it glads mee,

To find your thoughts so euen. C A T I. I shall still

Studie to make them such to *Rome*, and Heauen.

I would withdraw with you, a little, *Iulius*.

C A E S. Ile come home to you: *Crassus* would not ha' you

To speake to him, fore *Quintus Catulus*.

CATILINE.

CAT I. I apprehend you. No, when they shall iudge
Honors conuenient for me, I shall haue 'hem,
With a full hand: I know it. In meane time,
They are no lesse part of the Common-wealth,
That doe obey, then those, that doe command.

CAT V. O, let me kisse your forehead, *Lucius*. (port.
How are you wrongd! CAT I. By whom? CAT V. Publicke re-
That giues you out, to stomacke your repulse;
And brooke it deadly. CAT I. Sir: she brookes not me.
Belieue me rather, and your selfe, now, of mee;
It is a kinde of slander, to trust rumour.

CAT V. I know it. And I could be angrie with it.

CAT I. So may not I. Where it concernes himselfe,
Who's angrie at a slander, makes it true.

CAT V. Most noble *Sergius*! This your temper melts me.

CR A. Will you do office to the Consul, *Quintus*?

CAES. That *Cato*, and the Rout haue done the other?

CAT V. I waite, when he will goe. Be still your selfe.

He wants no state, or honors, that hath vertue,

CAT I. Did I appeare so tame, as this man thinks mee?

Look'd I so poore, so dead? So like that nothing,
Which he calls vertuous? O my breast, breake quickly;

And shew my friends my in-parts, least they thinke

I haue betrayd 'hem. LON. Where's *Gabinus*? LEN. Gone.

LON. And *Vargunteius*? LEN. Slipt away; all shrunk:

Now that he mist the Consul-ship. CAT I. I am

The scorne of bond-men; who are next to beasts.

What can I worse pronounce my selfe, that's fitter?

The Owle of *Rome*, whom Boyes, and Girles will hout;

That were I set vp, for that wooden God,

That keepes our gardens, could not fright the crows,

Or the least Bird from muting on my head.

LON. Tis strange how he should misse it. LEN. Is't not stranger,

The vpstart *Cicero* should carry it so,

By all consents, from men so much his Masters?

LON. Tis true. CAT I. To what a shadow, am I melted!

LON.

CATFLINE.

L O N. *Antonius* wan it but by some few voyces.

C A T I. Strooke through, like ayre, and feele it not. My wounds
Close faster, then they're made. L E N. The whole designe,

And enterprife is lost by't. All handes quit it,
Vpon his fayle. C A T I. I grow mad at my patience.

It is a Visor that hath poyson'd mee.

Would it had burnt me vp, and I died inward:

My heart first turn'd to ashes. L O N. Here's *Cethegus* yet.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, LEN-
TVLVVS, LONGINVS,
C A T O.

R Epulse vpon repulse? An In-mate, Consul?

That I could reach the axell, where the pinnes are,
Which bolt this frame; that I might pull 'hem out,
And plucke all into Chaos, with my selfe.

C E T. What, are we wishing now? C A T I. Yes, my *Cethegus*.
Who would not fall with all the world about him?

C E T. Not I, that would stand on it, when it falles;
And force new Nature out, to make another.

These wishings taste of woman, not of *Romane*.

Let vs seeke other armes. C A T I. What should we do?

C E T. Do, & not wish; something, that wishes take not:
So sodaine, as the Gods should not preuent,

Nor scarce haue time, to feare. C A T I. O noble *Caius*!

C E T. It likes me better, that you are not Consul.

I would not goe through open dores, but breake 'hem;

Swim to my ends, through blood; or build a bridge

Of carcasses; make on, vpon the heads

Of men, strooke downe, like piles; to reach the liues

Of those remaine, and stand: Then is't a pray,

When Danger stoppes, and Ruine makes the way.

C A T I. How thou dost vter me, braue soule, that may not,
At all times, shew such as I am; but bend

Vnto occasion? *Lentulus*, this man,

CATILINE.

If all our fire were out, would fetch downe new,
Out of the hand of *Ioue*; and riuet him
To *Caucasus*, should he but frowne: and let
His owne gaunt Eagle flie at him, to tire.

LEN. Peace, here comes *Cato*. CAT. Let him come, and heare.
I will no more dissemble. Quit vs all;
I, and my lou'd *Cethegus* here, alone
Will vndertake this Giants warre, and cary it.

LEN. What needs this, *Lucius*? LON. *Sergius* be more wary.

CATI. Now, *Marcus Cato*, our new Consuls spie,
What is your sower austerity sent t'explore.

CATO. Nothing in thee, licentious *Catiline*:
Halters, and racks cannot expresse from thee
More, then thy deeds. Tis onely iudgement waits thee.

CATI. Whose? *Cato's*? shall he iudge me? CAT. No, the Gods:
“Who, euer, follow those, they go not with:

And Senate; who, with fire, must purge sicke *Rome*
Of noysome Citizens, whereof thou art one.

Be gone, or else let mee. Tis bane to draw (Caius;
The same ayre with thee. CET. Strike him. LEN. Hold good.

CET, Fearst thou not, *Cato*? CATO. Rash *Cethegus*, no.
Twere wrong with *Rome*, when *Catiline* and thou

Do threat, if *Cato* feard. CATI. The fire you speake of
If any flame of it approach my fortunes,
Ile quench it, not with water, but with ruine.

CATO. You heare this, *Romanes*. CATI. Beare it to the Consul.

CET. I would haue sent away his soule, before him.

You are too heauie, *Lentulus*, and remisse;

It is for you we labour, and the Kingdome

Promis'd you by the *Sibyll's*. CATI. Which his Prætorship,
And some small flattery of the Senate more,

Will make him to forget. LEN. You wrong me, *Lucius*.

LON. He wil not need these spurres. CET. The action needs 'hem.

“These things, when they proceed not, they goe backward.

LEN. Let vs consult then. CET, Let vs, first, take armes.
They that denie vs iust things, now, will giue

CATILINE.

All that we aske; if once they see our swords.

C A T. Our objects must be fought with wounds, not words.

C I C E R O, F V L V I A.

I S there a Heauen? and Gods? and can it be
They should so slowly heare, so slowly see?
Hath *Ioue* no thunder? or is *Ioue* become
Stupide as thou art? ô neare-wretched *Rome*,
When both thy Senate, and thy Gods doe sleepe,
And neither thine, nor their owne States doe keepe!
What will awake thee, Heauen? what can excite
Thine anger, if this practise be too light?
His former drifts partake of former times,
But this last plot was only *Catilines*.
O, that it were his last. But he, before
Hath safely done so much, hee'll still dare more.
Ambition, like a torrent, nere looks backe;
And is a swelling, and the last affection
A high minde can put off: being both a Rebelle
Vnto the soule, and reason, and enforceth
All lawes, all conscience, treads vpon religion,
And offereth violence to Natures selfe.
But here, is that transcends it. A blacke purpose
To confound Nature: and to ruine that,
Which neuer Age, nor Mankinde can repaire.
Sit downe, good Lady; *Cicero* is lost
In this your fable: for, to thinke it true
Tempteth my reason. It so farre exceeds
All insolent fictions of the tragicke *Scene*.
The Commonwealth, yet panting, vnderneath
The stripes, and wounds of a late ciuill warre,
Gasping for life, and scarce restor'd to hope;
To seeke to oppress her, with new cruelty,
And vtterly extinguish her long name,
With so prodigious, and vnheard-of fiercenesse!"

CATILINE.

What sinke of Monsters, wretches of lost minds,
Mad after change, and desp'rate in their states,
Wearied, and gall'd with their necessities,
(For all this I allow them) durst haue thought it?
Would not the barbarous deeds haue beene beleeu'd,
Of *Marius*, and *Sylla*, by our Children,
Without, this fact had rise forth greater, for them?
All, that they did, was piety, to this.

They, yet, but murdred Kinsfolke, Brothers, Parents,
Rauish'd the Virgins, and, perhaps, some Matrons;
They left the Citty standing, and the Temples:
The Gods, and Maiesty of *Rome* were safe yet.
These purpose to fire it, to dispoile them,
(Beyond the other euils,) and lay wast
The farre-triumphed world: For, vnto whom
Rome is too little, what can be inough?

F v L. Tis true, my Lord, I had the same discourse.

C i c. And, then, to take a horride Sacrament
In humane blood, for execution

Of this their dire designe; which might be call'd
The height of wickednesse: but that, that was higher,
For which they did it. F v L. I assure your Lordship,
The extreme horror of it almost turn'd me
To aire, when first I heard it; I was all

A vapor, when 't was told me; And I long'd
To vent it any where; 'T was such a secret,

I thought, it would haue burnt me vp. C i c. Good *Fulvia*,
Feare not your act; and lesse repent you of it.

F v L. I doe not, my good Lord. I know to whom

I haue vtter'd it. C i c. You haue discharg'd it, safely.

Should *Rome*, for whom you haue done the happy seruice,
Turne most ingrate; yet were your vertue paid

In conscience of the fact: so much good deedes

Reward themselues. F v L. My Lord, I did it not

To any other ayme, but for it selfe.

To no ambition. C i c. You haue learn'd the difference

CATULINE.

Of doing office to the publike weale,
And priuate friendship, and haue shewne it, Lady.
Be still your selfe. I haue sent for *Quintus Curius*,
And (for your vertuous sake) if I can winne him,
Yet, to the common wealth; He shall be safe too.
F v L Ile vndertake, my Lord, he will be wonne.
C I C. Pray you, ioyne with me, then : And helpe to worke him.

C I C E R O, L I C T O R, F V L V I A,
C V R I V S.

(presently,

HOW now ? Is he come ? L I C. He's here, my Lord. C I C. Goe
Pray my Colleague *Antonius*, I may speake with him,
About some present businesse of the State ;
And (as you goe) call on my brother *Quintus*,
And pray him, with the *Tribunes* to come to me.
Bid *Curius* enter. *Fulvia*, you will aide me ?
F v L. It is my duty. C I C. O, my noble Lord !
I haue to chide you, yfaith. Giue me your hand.
Nay, be not troubled ; 't shall be gently, *Curius*.
You looke vpon this Lady ? What ? Doe you ghesse
My businesse, yet ? Come, If you frowne, I thunder :
Therefore, put on your better lookes, and thoughts.
There's nought but faire, and good intended to you ;
And I would make those your complexion.
Would you, of whom the *Senate* had that hope,
As, on my knowledge, it was in their purpose,
Next sitting, to restore you : as they ha' done
The stupide, and vngratefull *Lentulus* ;
(Excuse me, that I name you thus, together,
For, yet, you are not such) would you, I say,
A person both of Blood and Honor, stock't
In a long race of vertuous Ancestors,
Embarke your selfe for such a hellish action,
With Parricides, and Traitors, men turn'd Furies,
Out of the wast, and ruine of their fortunes ;

(For

CATILINE.

(For 'tis despaire, that is the mother of madnesse)
Such as want (that, which all Conspirators,
But they, haue first) meere colour for their mischiefe ?
O, I must blush with you. Come, you shall not labour
To extenuate your guilt, but quit it cleane ;
“ Bad men excuse their faults, good men will leaue 'hem.
“ He acts the third crime, that defends the first.

Here is a Lady, that hath got the start,
In piety, of vs all ; and, for whose vertue,
I could almost turne Louer, againe : but that
Terentia would be iecalous. What an honor
Hath shee atchieued to her selfe ! What voices,
Titles, and loud applauses will pursue her,
Through euery street ! What windores will be fill'd,
To shoote eyes at her ! What enuy, and grieve in Matrons,
They are not shee ! when this her act shall seeme
VVorthier a Chariot, then if *Pompey* came,
VVith *Asia* chain'd ! All this is while shee liues.
But dead, her very name will be a Statue,
Not wrought for time, but rooted in the minds
Of all posterity ; when Brasse, and Marble,
I, and the *Capitol* it selfe is dust.

Fv L. Your Honor thinks too highly of me. C I C. No:
I cannot thinke inough. And I would haue
Him emulate you. 'Tis no shame, to follow
The better precedent. Shee shewes you, *Curius*,
VVhat claime your Countrey laies to you ; and what duty
You owe to it : Be not afraid, to breake
VVith Murderers, and Traytors, for the sauing
A life, so neare, and necessary to you,
As is your Countries. Thinke but on her right.
“ No Child can be too naturall to his Parent.
Shee is our common Mother, and doth challenge
The prime part of vs ; Doe not stop, but giue it :
“ He, that is void of feare, may soone be iust,
“ And no Religion binds men to be Traitors.

CATULLINE.

Fv L. My Lord, he vnderstands it; and will follow
 Your sauing counsell. But his shame, yet, stayes him.
 I know, that he is comming. Cvr. Doe you know it? (I?
 Fv L. Yes, let me speake with you. Cvr. O you are-. Fv L. What am
 Cvr. Speake not so loud. Fv L. I am, what you should be,
 Come, doe you thinke, I'd walke in any plot,
 Where Madame *Sempronia* should take place of me,
 And *Fulvia* come i' the *reere*, or on the *by*?
 That I would be her second, in a businesse,
 Though it might vantage me all the Sunne sees?
 It was a seely phant'sie of yours. Apply
 Your selfe to me, and the Consul, and be wise;
 Follow the fortune I ha' put you into:
 You may be some thing this way, and with safety.
 Crc. Nay, I must tolerate no whisperings, Lady.
 Fv L. Sir, you may heare. I tell him, in the way,
 Wherein he was, how hazardous his course was.
 Crc. How hazardous? how certaine to all ruine.
 Did he, or doe, yet, any of them imagine
 The Gods would sleepe, to such a *Stygian* practise,
 Against that Commonwealth, which they haue founded
 With so much labour, and like care haue kept,
 Now neare seuen hundred yeares? It is a madnesse,
 Wherewith Heauen blinds 'hem, when it would confound 'hem,
 That they should thinke it. Come, my *Chriss*,
 I see your nature's right; you shall no more
 Be mention'd with them: I will call you mine,
 And trouble this good shame, no farder. Stand
 Firme for your Countrey; and become a man
 Honor'd, and lou'd. It were a noble life,
 To be found dead, embracing her. Know you,
 What thanks, what titles, what rewards the *Senate*
 Will heape vpon you, certaine, for your seruice?
 Let not a desperate action more engage you,
 Then safety should; and wicked friendship force
 VVhat honesty, and vertue cannot worke.

CATILINE.

F v L. He tels you right, sweete friend: 'Tis sauing counsaile.

C v R. Most noble *Consul*, I am yours, and hers;
I meane my Countries: you' haue form'd me new.
Inspiring me, with what I should be, truly.
And I intreate, my faith may not seeme cheaper
For springing out of penitence. C i c. Good *Curius*,
It shall be dearer rather, and because
I'd make it such, heare how I trust you more.

Keepe still your former face; and mixe againe
With these lost spirits. Runne all their mazes with'hem;
For such are treasons. Finde their windings out,
And subtle turnings, watch their snaky waies,
Through brakes, and hedges, into woods of darkenesse,
VVhere they are saine to creepe vpon their breasts
In pathes nere trod by Men, but Wolues, and Panthers.

I earne, beside *Catiline*, *Lentulus*, and those,
VVhose names I haue, what new ones they draw in;
VVho else are likely; what those Great ones are,
They doe not name; what waies they meane to take;
And whither their hopes point; to warre: or ruine,
By some surprize. Explore all their intents,
And what you finde may profit the Republique,
Acquaint me with it, either, by your selfe,
Or this your vertuous friend, on whom I lay
The care of vrging you; Ile see, that *Rome*
Shall proue a thankfull, and a bounteous Mother:
Be secret as the night. C v R. And constant Sir.

C i c. I doe not doubt it. Though the time cut off
All vows. "The dignity of truth is lost,
VVith much protesting: Who is there! This way,
Least you be seene, and met. And when you come,
Be this your token; to this fellow. Light'hem.

O *Rome*, in what a sicknesse art thou fall'n!
How dangerous, and deadly! when thy head
Is drown'd in sleepe, and all thy body feu'ry!
No noise, no pulling, no vexation wakes thee,

Thy

CATFLINE.

Thy *Lethargie* is such : or if, by chance,
Thou heau'st thy eye-lids vp, thou dost forget
Sooner, then thou wert told, thy proper danger.
I did vnreuerently, to blame the Gods,
VWho wake for thee, though thou snore to thy selfe.
Is it not strange, thou should'st be so diseas'd,
And so secure? But more, that the first symptomes
Of such a malady, should not rise out
From any worthy member, but a base
And common strumpet, worthlesse to be nam'd
A haire, or part of thee? Thinke, thinke, hereafter,
What thy needes were, when thou must vse such meanes :
And lay it to thy breast, how much the Gods
Vpbraid thy foule neglect of them ; by making
So vile a thing, the Author of thy safety.
They could haue wrought by nobler waies: haue strooke
Thy foes with forked lightning ; or ramin'd thunder ;
Throwne hilles vpon 'hem, in the act ; haue sent
Death, like a dampe, to all their families ;
Or caus'd their consciences to burst 'hem. But,
VWhen they will shew thee what thou art, and make
A scornfull difference 'twixt their power, and thee,
They helpe thee by such aides, as Geese, and Harlots.
How now? What answer? Is he come? L I C. Your Brother,
VWill streight be here ; and your Colleague *Antonius*
Said, coldly, he would follow me. C I C. I, that
Troubles me somewhat, and is worth my feare ;
He is a man, 'gainst whom I must prouide,
That (as hee'll doe no good) he doe no harme ;
He, though he be not of the plot, will like it,
And wish it should proceede ; for, vnto men,
Prest with their wants, all change is euer welcome.
I must with offices, and patience winne him ;
Make him, by art, that which he is not borne,
A friend vnto the publique ; and bestow
The *Prouince* on him ; which is by the *Senate*

CATILINE.

Decreed to me : That benefit will bind him.
Tis well, if some men will doe well, for price ;
“ So few are vertuous, when the reward’s away :
Nor must I be vnmindfull of my priuate ;
For which I haue call’d my Brother, and the Tribunes,
My Kins-folke, and my Clients to be neare me ;
“ He that stands vp ’gainst Traitors, and their ends,
“ Shall neede a double guard, of law, and friends :
“ Especially, in such an enuious State,
“ That sooner will accuse the Magistrate,
“ Then the Delinquent ; and will rather grieve.
“ The Treason is not acted, then belecue.

CAESAR, CATILINE.

THe night growes on ; and you are for your meetings :
Ile therefore end in few. Be resolute,
And put your enterprize in act : The more
“ Actions of depth, and danger are consider’d,
“ The lesse assuredly they are perform’d,
And thence it hapneth, that the brauest plots
(Not executed straight) haue beene discouer’d.
Say, you are constant, or another, a third,
Or more ; there may be yet one wretched spirit,
With whom the feare of punishment shall worke
’Boue all the thoughts of honor, and reuenge.
You are not, now, to thinke what’s best to doe,
As in beginnings ; but, what must be done,
Being thus entred : and slip no aduantage
That may secure you. Let ’hem call it mischief ;
“ When it is past, and prosper’d, ’t will be vertue.
“ Th’are petty crimes are punish’d, great rewarded.
Nor must you thinke of perill ; since, “ Attempts,
“ Begunne with danger, still doe end with glory :
“ And, when neede spurres, despaire will be call’d wisdom.
Lesse ought the care of men, or fame to fright you ;

CATILINE.

“For they, that winne, do seldome receiue shame

“Of victory: how ere it be atchiu’d;

And vengeance, least. For who, besieg’d with wants,

Would stop at death, or any thing beyond it?

Come, there was neuer any great thing, yet,

Aspired, but by violence, or fraud:

And he that stickes (for folly of a conscience)

To reach it——. CAT. Is a good religious foole.

CAE S. A superstitious slave, and will die beast.

Good night. You know what *Crassus* thinks, and I,

By this: Prepare your wings, as large as layles.

To cut through ayre, and leaue no print behind you.

A Serpent, ere he comes to be a Dragon,

Do’s eate a Bat: and so must you a Consul,

That watches. What you doe, doe quickly *Sergius*:

You shall not stir for nice. CAT. Excuse me, lights there. (*Cæsar*.

CAE S. By no meanes. CAT. Stay then. All good thoughts to

And like to *Crassus*. CAE S. Mind but your friends counsels.

CATILINE, AVRELIA, LECCA.

O R, I will beare no mind. How now, *Aurelia*?

Are your confederates come? the Ladies? AV R. Yes.

CAT. And is *Sempronia* there? AV R. She is. CAT. That’s well.

She ha’s a sulphurous spirit, and will take

Light at a sparke. Breake with them, gentle soue;

About the drawing as many of their Husbands,

Into the plot, as can: If not, to rid ’hem.

That ’ll be the easier practise, vnto some;

Who haue bene tir’d with ’hem long. Sollicite

Their aydes, for money; and their Seruants helpe;

In firing of the Citie, at the time

Shall be design’d. Promise ’hem States, and Empires,

And men, for Louers, made of better clay,

Then euer the old Potter *Titan* knew.

Who’s that? O, *Porcius Lecca*! are they met?

CATILINE.

LE C. They are all, here. CAT. Loue, you haue your instructions:
Ile trust you with the stuffe you haue to worke on.
You'll forme it? *Porcius*, fetch the siluer Eagle
I ga' you in charge. And pray 'hem, they will enter.

CATILINE, CETHEGVS, CVRIVS, LENTV-
LVS, VARGVNTIVS, LONGINVS,
GABINIVS, CEPARIVS,
AVTRONIVS. &c.

O Friends, your faces glad mee. This will be
Our last, I hope, of consultation.

CAT. So, it had need. CVR. We loose occasion, daily.

CAT. I, and our meanes: whercof one woundes me most,
That was the fairest. *Piso* is dead, in *Spaine*.

CET. As we are, here. LON. And, as it is thought, by enuy
Of *Pompey's* followers. LEN. He too's comming backe,
Now, out of *Asia*. CAT. Therefore, what we intend
We must be swift in. Take your seates, and heare.

I haue, alreadie, sent *Septimius*
Into the *Picene* territorie; and *Iulius*,
To rayse force, for vs, in *Apulia*:

Manlius at *Fesula* is (by this time) vp,
With the old needie troopes, that follow'd *Sylla*;

And all do but expect, when we will giue
The blow at home. Behold this siluer Eagle,

Was *Marius* standard, in the *Cimbrian* warre,

Fatall to *Rome*; and, as our Augures tell mee,
Shall still be so: For which one omenous cause,

I haue kept it safe, and done it sacred rites,

As to a Godhead; in a Chappell buist

Of purpose to it. Pledge then all your hands,

To follow it, with vowes of death, and ruine,

Strooke silently, and home. So waters speake

When they runne deepest. Now's the time, this yeare,

The twentieth, from the firing of the Capitol,

CATJLINE.

As fatall too, to *Rome*, by all predictions ;
And, in which, honor'd *Lentulus* must rise
A King, if he pursue it. C V R. If he doe not,
He is not worthy the great destiny.

L E N. It is too great for mee, but what the Gods,
And their great loues decree me, I must not
Seeme carelesse of. C A T. No nor we enuious.

We haue enough beside, all *Gallia*, *Belgia*,
Greece *Spain*e, and *Africke*. C V R. I, and *Asia* too,
Now *Pompey* is returning. C A T. Noblest *Romanes*,
Me thinkes our lookes, are not so quicke and high,
As they were wont. C V R. No? whose is not? C A T. We haue
No anger in our eyes, no storme, no lightning :

Our hate is spent, and fumd away in vapor,
Before our hands be'at worke. I can accuse
Not any one, but all of slacknesse. C E T. Yes,
And be your selfe such, while you do it. C A T. Ha?
Tis sharply answerd, *Caius*. C E T. Truly, truly.

L E N. Come, let vs each one know his part to doe,
And then be accus'd. Leau these vntimely quarrels.

C V R. I would there were more *Romes* then one, to ruine.

C E T. More *Romes*? More Worlds. C V R. Nay then, more Gods, &
If they tooke part. L E N. When shall the time be, first? (Natures,

C A T. I thinke the *Saturnals*. C E T. 'Twill be too long.

C A T. They are not now farre off, 'tis not a month.

C E T. A weeke, a day, an houre is too farre off,

Now, were the fittest time. C A T. We ha' not laid

All things so safe, and readie. C E T. While we're laying,

We shall all lie ; and grow to earth. Would I

VWere nothing in it, if not now. These things

They should be done, e're thought. C A T. Nay, now your reason
Forſakes you, *Caius*. Thinke, but what commodity

That time will minister ; the Cities custome

Of being, then, in mirth, and feast. L E N. Loos'd whole

In pleasure and securitie. A V L. Each house

Resolu'd in freedome. C V R. Euery slaue a master.

CATJLINE.

L O N. And they too no meane aides. C V R. Made from their hope
Of liberty. L E N. Or hate vnto their Lords.

V A R. Tis sure, there cannot be a time found out
More apt, and naturall. L E N. Nay, good *Cethegus*,
Why do your passions, now, disturbe our hopes?

C E T. Why do your hopes delude your certainties?

C A T. You must lend him his way. Thinke, for the order,
And proesse of it. L O N. Yes. L E N. I like not fire:
'Twill too much wast my Citie. C A T. Were it embers,
There will be wealth enough, rak't out of them,
To spring a new: It must be fire, or nothing.

L O N. What else should fright, or terrefie 'hem? V A R. True.
In that confusion, must be the chiefe slaughter.

C V R. Then we shall kill 'hem brauest. C E P. And in heapes.

A V T. Strew Sacrifices. C V R. Make the Earth an Altar.

L O N. And *Rome* the fire. L E C. 'Twill be a noble night.

V A R. And worth all *Sylla's* daies. C V R. When Husbands, Wiues,
Grandfires, and Nephewes, Seruants, and their Lords,
Virgins, and Priests, the Infant, and the Nurse
Go all to hell, together, in a fleete.

C A T. I would haue you, *Longinus*, and *Statilius*,
To take the charge o' the firing, which must be,
At a signe giuen with a trumpet, done
In twelue chiefe places of the Citie, at once.

The flaxe, and sulphure, are alreadie laid
In, at *Cethegus* house. So are the weapons.

Gabinus, you, with other force, shall stop
The pipes, and conduits: And kill those that come
For water. C V R. What shall I do? C A T. All will haue
Employment, feare not: Ply the execution.

C V R. For that, trust me, and *Cethegus*. C A T. I will be
At hand, with the army, to meete those that scape.
And *Lentulus*, begirt you *Pompey's* house,
To seise his sonnes aliue: for they are they
Must make our peace with him. All else cut off,
As *Tarquim* did the Poppey heads; or mowers

CAT & LENE.

A field of thistles ; or else, vp, as ploughes
Do barren lands ; and strike together flints ,
And clods ; th' ungratefull Senate, and the People :
Till no rage, gone before, or comming after
May weigh with yours, though Horror leapt her selfe
Into the scale : but, in your violent acts,
The fall of torrents, and the noyse of tempests,
The boyling of *Charybdis*, the Seas wildnesse,
The eating force of flames, and wings of winds,
Be all outwrought, by your transcendent furies.
It had bene done, ere this, had I bene Consul;
We had had no stop, no let. LEN. How find you *Antonius*?
CAT. The other ha's wonne him, lost : that *Cicero*
Was borne to be my opposition,
And stands in all our waies. CVR. Remoue him first.
CET. May that, yet, be done sooner? CAT. Would it were done.
CVR. VAR. I'll doe't. CET. It is my prouince ; none vsurpe it.
LEN. What are your meanes? CET. Enquire not. He shall die.
Shall, was too slowly said. He's dying. That
Is, yet, too slow. He's dead. CAT. Braue, only *Romane*,
Whose soule might be the worlds soule, were that dying;
Refuse not, yet, the aydes of these your friends :
LEN. Here's *Vargunteius* holds good quarter with him.
CAT. And vnder the pretext of clientele
And visitation, with the morning *Hayle*,
Will be admitted. CET. What is that to mee?
VAR. Yes, we may kill him in his bed, and safely.
CET. Safe is your way, then ; take it. Mine's mine owne.
CAT. Follow him, *Vargunteius*, and perswade,
The morning is the fittest time. LON. The night
Will turne all into tumult. LEN. And perhaps
Misse of him too. CAT. Intreat, and coniure him.
In all our names. LEN. By all our vovves, and friendships.

CATJLINE.

SEMPRONIA, AVRELIA, FVLVIA, to them.

W^Hat ! is our Councell broke vp first? A V R. You say,
 VVomen are greatest talkers. S E M. VVe ha'done;
 And are now fit for action. L O N. VVhich is passion.
 There's your best actiuitie, Lady. S E M. How
 Knowes your wise fatnesse that? L O N. Your Mothers daughter
 Did teach me, Madame. C E T. Come *Sempronia*, leaue him:
 He is a Giber. And our present businesse
 Is of more serious consequence. *Aurelia*
 Tells me, you 'haue done most masculinely within,
 And plaid the Orator. S E M. But we must hasten
 To our designe as well, and execute:
 Not hang still, in the feuer of an accident.
 C A T. You say well, Lady. S E M. I do like our plot
 Exceeding well, tis sure; and we shall leaue
 Little to fortune, in it. C A T. Your banquet staves.
Aurelia take her in. VVhere's *Fulvia*?
 S E M. O the two Louers are coupling. C v R. In good faith,
 She's very ill, with sitting vp. S E M. You'd haue her
 Laugh, and lie downe. F v L. No, faith, *Sempronia*,
 I am not well; I'le take my leaue, it drawes
 Toward the morning. *Curius* shall stay with you.
 Madam, I pray you pardon me, my health
 I must respect. A V R. Farewell, good *Fulvia*.
 C v R. Make hast, and bid him get his guards about him.
 For *Vargunteius*, and *Cornelius*
 Haue vndertane it, should *Cethegus* misse:
 Their reason, that they thinke his open rashnesse
 VVill suffer easier discouerie,
 Then their attempt; so vailed vnder friendship.
 Ile bring you to your Coach. Tell him, beside,
 Of *Casars* comming forth, here. C A T. My sweete Madam,
 VVill you be gone? F v L. I am, my Lord, in truth,
 In some indisposition. C A T. I do wish

You

CATILINE.

You had all your health, sweet Lady. *Lentulus*,
You'll doe her seruice. L E N. To her coach, and duty.

CATILINE.

W^Hat ministers men must, for practise, vse!
The rash, th'ambitious, needy, desperate,
Foolish, and wretched, eu'n the dregs of Mankinde,
To whores, and women! Still, it must be so.
Each haue their proper place; and, in their roomes,
They are the best. Groomes fittest kindle fires,
Slaues carry burdens, Butchers are for slaughters,
Apothecaries, Butlers, Cookes for poysons;
As these for me: Dull, stupide *Lentulus*,
My stale, with whom I stalke; the rash *Cethegus*,
My executioner; and sat *Longinus*,
Statilius, *Curius*, *Ceparius*, *Ember*.
My laborers, pioners, and incendiaries;
W^Ith these domesticke traitors, bosome theeues,
Whom custome hath call'd Wiues; the readiest helpes,
To strangle head-strong Husbands; rob the easie;
And lend the moneyes, on returnes of lust.
Shall *Catiline* not doe, now, with these aides,
So sought, so sorted, something shall be call'd
Their labor, but his profit? and make *Cesar*
Repent his ventring counsels, to a spirit,
So much his Lord in mischief? when all these,
Shall, like the Brethren sprung of Dragons teeth,
Ruine each other; and he fall amongst 'hem:
W^Ith *Crassus*, *Pompey*, or who else appeares,
But like, or neare a great one. May my braine
Resolue to water, and my bloud turne phlegme,
My hands, drop off, vnworthy of my sword,
And that b' inspired, of it selfe, to rip
My breast, for my lost entrails; when I leaue
A soule, that will not serue. And who will, are

CATULLINE.

The same with slaues; such clay I dare not feare.
 The cruelty, I meane to act, I wish
 Should be call'd mine, and tary in my name;
 Whil'st after Ages do toyle out themselues
 In thinking for the like, but do it lesse:
 And, were the power of all the fiends let loose,
 With Fate to boote, it should be, still, example.
 When, what the *Gaule*, or *Moore* could not effect,
 Nor æmulous *Carthage*, with their length of spight,
 Shall be the worke of one, and that my night.

CICERO, FVLVIA, QVINTVS.

I Thanke your vigilance. VWhere's my brother, *Quintus*?
 Call all my seruants vp. Tell noble *Curius*,
 And say it to your selfe, you are my Sauers;
 But that's too little for you, you are *Rome's*:
 VWhat could I then, hope lesse? O brother! now,
 The engines I told you of, are working;
 The machine 'gin's to moue. VWhere are your weapons?
 Arme all my household presently. And charge
 The Porter, he let no man in, till day. (names,
 Qv r. Not Clients, and your friends? C i c. They weare those
 That come to murder me. Yet send for *Cato*,
 And *Quintus Catulus*; those I dare trust;
 And *Flaccus*, and *Pontinius*, the Prætors,
 By the backe way. Qv r. Take care, good brother *Marcus*,
 Your feares be not form'd greater, then they should;
 And make your friends grieue, while your enemies laugh.
 C i c. Tis brothers counsell, and worth thanks. But doe
 As I intreat you. I prouide, not feare.
 VWas *Cæsar* there, say you? F v l. *Curius* sayes, he met him,
 Comming from thence. C i c. O, so. And, had you a counsell
 Of Ladies too? VWho was your Speaker, Madam?
 F v l. She that would be, had there bene fortie more;
Sempronius, who had both her Greeke, and Figures;
 And,

CAT&LINE.

And, euer and anone, would aske vs, if
 The witty Consul could haue mended that?
 Or *Orator Cicero* could haue said it better?
 C I C. Shee's my gentle enemy. Would *Cethegus*
 Had no more danger in him. But, my guards
 Are you, great powers; and th' vnbatred strengths
 Of a firme conscience, which shall arme each step
 Tane for the State; and teach me slacke no pace
 For feare of malice. How now, Brother? QVI. *Cato*,
 And *Quintus Catulus* were comming to you,
 And *Crassus* with 'hem. I haue let 'hem in,
 By th' garden. C I C. What would *Crassus* haue? QVI. I heare
 Some whispering 'bout the gate; and making doubt,
 Whither it be not yet too early, or no?
 But I doe thinke, they are your friendes, and Clients,
 Are fearefull to disturbe you. C I C. You will change
 To 'another thought, anone. Ha' you giu'n the Porter
 The charge, I will'd you? QVI. Yes. C I C. Withdraw, and hearken.

V A R. G. V N T E I V S, C O R N E L I V S, P O R T E R,
 C I C E R O, C A T O, C A T V L V S,
 C R A S S V S.

THe dore's not open, yet. C O R. You'were best to knocke.
 V A R. Let them stand close, then: And, when we are in,
 Rush after vs. C O R. But where's *Cethegus*? V A R. He
 Has left it, since he might not do't his way.
 P O R. Who's there? V A R. A friend, or more. P O R. I may not let
 Any man in, till day. V A R. No? why? C O R. Thy reason?
 P O R. I am commanded so. V A R. By whom? C O R. I hope
 We are not discouer'd. V A R. Yes, by reuelation.
 Pray thee good slaue, who has commanded thee?
 P O R. He that may best, the Consull. V A R. We are his friends.
 P O R. All's one. C O R. Best giue your name. V A R. Dost thou heare,
 I haue some instant businesse with the Consull. (fellow?
 My name is *Vargunteius*. C I C. True, he knowes it;

CATFLINE.

And for what friendly office you are sent.

Cornelius, too, is there? V A R. We are betraid.

C I C. And desperate *Cethegus*, is he not?

V A R. Speake you, he knowes my voice. C I C. What say you to't?

C O R. You are deceau'd Sir. C I C. No, 'tis you are so;

Poore, misled men. Your states are yet worth pittie,

If you would heare, and change your sauage minds.

Leaue to be mad; forsake your purposes

Of Treason, Rapine, Murder, Fire, and Horror:

The common wealth hath eyes, that wake as sharply

Ouer her life, as yours doe for her ruine.

Be not deceiu'd, to thinke her lenity

Will be perpetuall; or, if Men be wanting,

The Gods will be, to such a calling cause.

Consider your attempts, and while there's time,

Repent you of 'hem. It doth make me tremble

There should those spirits yet breath, that when they cannot

Liue honestly, would rather perish basely.

C A T O. You talke to much to 'hem, *Marcus*, They're lost.

Goe forth, and apprehend 'hem. C A T V. If you proue

This practise; what should let the Common-wealth

To take due vengeance? V A R. Let vs shift, away.

The darkenesse hath conceal'd vs, yet: Wee'll say

Some haue abus'd our names. C O R. Denie it all.

C A T O. *Quintus*, what guards ha' you? Call the Tribunes aide,

And raise the City. Consul, you are too mild,

"The foulness of some facts takes thence all mercy:

Report it to the *Senate*. Heare: The Gods

Grow angry with your patience. "Tis their care,

"And must be yours, that guilty men escape not.

"As crimes doe grow, Iustice should rouse it selfe.

C H O R V S.

V V Hat is it, Heauens, you prepare
V V ith so much swiftnesse, and so sodaine rising?

There

CATFLINE.

There are no Sonnes of earth, that dare,
Againe, rebellion : or the Gods surprising?
The World doth shake, and Nature feares,
Yet is the tumult, and the horror greater
VVithin our minds, then in our eares,
So much *Romes* faults (now growne her Fate) doe threat her.
The Priests, and People runne about,
Each Order, Age, and Sexe amaz'd at other ;
And, at the ports, all thronging out,
As if their safety were to quit their Mother:
Yet finde they the same dangers there,
From which they make such hast to be preserued ;
For guilty States doe euer beare
The plagues about them, which they haue deserued.
And, till those plagues doe get about
The mountaine of our faults, and there doe sit ;
VVe see 'hem not. Thus, still we loue
The euill we doe, vntill we suffer it.
But, most, ambition, that neare vice
To vertue, hath the fate of *Rome* prouoked ;
And made, that now *Rome's* selfe no price,
To free her from the death, wherewith she's yoked.
That restless Ill, that still doth build
Vpon successe ; and endes not in aspiring :
But there beginnes. And nere is fill'd,
While ought remaines that seemes but worth desiring.
VVherein the Thought, vnlike the Eye,
To which things farre, seeme smaller then they are,
Deemes all contentment plac'd on high :
And thinks there's nothing great, but what is farre.
O, that in time, *Rome* did not cast
Her errors vp, this fortune to preuent ;
T'haue scene her crimes ere they were past:
And felt her faults, before her punishment.

CATJLINE.

Act. iij.

ALLOBROGES.

CAn these men feare? who are not only ours,
But the worlds masters? Then I see, the Gods
Vpbraid our suffrings, or would humble them;
By sending these affrights, while we are here:
That we might laugh at their ridiculous feare,
Whose names, we trembled at, beyond the Alpes.
Of all that passe, I doe not see a face
Worthy a man, that dares looke vp, and stand
One thunder out; but downward all, like beasts,
Running away from euery flash is made.
The falling world could not deserue such basenesse.
Are we employd here, by our miseries,
Like superstitious fooles (or rather slaues)
To plaine our griefes, wrongs, and oppressions,
To a meere clothed *Senate*, whom our folly
Hath made, and still intends to keepe our Tyrannes?
It is our base petitionary breath
That blowes 'hem to this greatnesse; which this pricke
Would soone let out, if we were bold, and wretched.
When they haue taken all we haue; our goods,
Crop, lands, and houses, they will leaue vs this:
A weapon, and an arme will still be found,
Though naked left, and lower then the ground.

CATO, CATVLVS, CICERO.

DOe; vrge thine anger, still; good Heauen, and iust.
Tell guilty men, what powers are about them.

CATILINE.

In such a confidence of wickednesse,

'Twas time, they should know something fit to feare.

CATV. I neuer saw a morne more full of horror.

CATO. To *Catiline*, and his: But, to iust men,
Though Heauen should speake, with all his wrath at once,
That, with his breath, the hinges of the world
Did cracke; we should stand vpright, and vnfeard.

CIC. Why, so we doe, good *Cato*. Who be these?

CATV. Ambassadors, from the *Allobroges*,
I take 'hem, by their habits. ALL. I, these men
Seeme of another race; Let's sue to these
There's hope of iustice, with their fortitude.

CIC. Friends of the *Senate*, and of *Rome*, to day
VVe pray you to forbear vs: on the morrow
VWhat sute you haue, let vs, by *Fabius Sanga*,
(VWhose Patronage your State doth vse) but know it,
And, on the Consull's word, you shall receiue
Dispatch, or else an answer, worth your patience.

ALL. VVe could not hope for more, most worthy Consul.
This Magistrate hath strooke an awe into me,
And, by his sweetnesse, wonne a more regard
Vnto his place, then all the boistrous moodes
That ignorant Greatnesse praîseth, to fill
The large, vusit authority it weares.

How easie is a noble spirit discern'd
From harsh, and sulphurous matter, that flies out
In contumelies, makes a noise, and stinkes.
May we finde good, and great men, that know how
To stoupe to wants, and meete necessities,
And will not turne from any equall suites.

"Such men, they doe not succour more the cause,

"They vndertake, with fauor, and successe;

"Then, by it, their owne iudgments they doe raise,

"In turning iust mens needs, into their praise.

CATILINE.

THE SENATE.

PRÆ. Roome for the Consuls. Fathers, take your places.

Here, in the house of *Iupiter*, the **STAYER**,
By edict from the Consull, *Marcus Tullius*,
You're met, a frequent Senate. Heare him speake.

CIC. Which may be happy, and auspicious still
To Rome, and hers. Honor'd and Conscript Fathers,
If I were silent, and that all the dangers
Threatning the State, and you, were yet so hid
In night, or darkenesse, thicker in their breasts,
That are the blacke contriuers; so, that no
Beame of the light could pierce 'hem: Yet the voice
Of Heau'n, this morning, hath spoke loud inough,
T'instruct you with a feeling of the horror;
And wake you from a sleepe, as dead, as death.
I haue, of late, spoke often in this Senate,
Touching this argument, but still haue wanted
Either your cares, or faith: so' incredible
Their plots haue seem'd, or I so vaine, to make
These things for mine owne glory, and false greatnesse,
As hath beene given out. But be it so:

When they breake forth, and shall declare themselues,
By their too foule effects, then, then, the enuy
Of my iust cares will finde another name.

For me, I am but one: And this poore life,
So lately aim'd at, not an houre yet since,
They cannot with more eagernesse pursue,
Then I with gladnesse would lay downe, and loose,
To buy *Romes* peace, if that would purchase it:
But when I see, they'd make it but the step
To more, and greater; vnto yours, *Romes*, all:
I would with those preferue it, or then fall.

CAES. I, I, let you alone, cunning Artificer!
See, how his gorget peeres about his gowne;

CATILINE.

To tell the people, in what danger he was.

It was absurdly done of *Vargunceius*,

To name himselfe, before he was got in.

C R A. It matters not, so they denie it all:

And can but carry the lie constantly.

Will *Catiline* be here? C A E S. I' haue sent for him.

C R A. And ha' you bid him to be confident?

C A E S. To that his owne necessity will prompt him.

C R A. Seeme to beleue nothing at all, that *Cicero*

Relates vs. C A E S. It will mad him. C R A. O, and helpe

The other party. Who is that? His Brother?

What new intelligence ha's he brought him now?

C A E S. Some cautions from his Wife, how to behaue him.

C I C. Place some of them without, and some bring in.

Thanke their kinde loues. It is a comfort yet,

That all depart not from their Countries cause.

C A E S. How now, what meanes this Muster? Consul, *Antonius*?

A N T. I doe not know, aske my Colleague, hee'll tell you.

There is some reason in state, that I must yeeld to;

And I haue promis'd him: Indeede he has bought it,

With giuing me the *Prouince*. C I C. I professe,

It grieues me; Fathers, that I am compell'd

To draw these armes, and aides for your defence;

And, more, against a Citizen of *Rome*,

Borne here amongst you, a Patrician,

A man, I must confesse, of no meane house,

Nor no small vertue, if he had employ'd

Those excellent gifts of Fortune, and of Nature,

Vnto the good, not ruine of the State.

But being bred in's fathers needy fortunes,

Brought vp in's sisters prostitution,

Confirm'd in ciuill slaughter, entring first

The Common-wealth, with murder of the gentry;

Since, both by study, and custome, conuersant

With all licentiousnesse: what could be hop'd

In such a field of riot, but a course

CATJLINE.

Extreme pernicious? Though, I must protest,
I found his mischiefs, sooner, with mine eyes,
Then with my thought; and with these hands of mine
Before they touch'd, at my suspicion.

C A E S. VVhat are his mischiefs, Consul? you declame
Against his manners, and corrupt your owne;

“No wise man should, for hate of guilty men,

“Loose his owne innocence. C I C. The noble *Cesar*
Speakes Godlike truth. But, when he heares, I can
Conuince him, by his manners, of his mischiefs.

He might be silent: And not cast away
His sentences in vaine, where they scarse looke.

Toward his subiect. C A T. Here he comes himselfe.

If he be wo thy any good mans voice,
That good man sit downe, by him: *Cato* will not.

C A T V. If *Cato* leaue him. I'll not keepe aside.

C A T I. VVhat face is this, the *Senate* here puts on,
Against me, Fathers! Giue my modesty
I leaue, to demand the cause of so much strangeness.

C A E S. It is reported here, you are the head
To a strange faction, *Lucius*. C I C. I, and will
Be prou'd against him. C A T. Let it be. Why, Consul,
If in the Common-wealth, there be two bodies,
One leane, weake, rotten, and that hath a head;
The other strong, and healthfull, but hath none:
If I doe giue it one, doe I offend?

Restore your selues, vnto your temper, Fathers;

And, without perturbation, heare me speake:

Remember who I am, and of what place,

VVhat petty fellow this is, that opposes;

One, that hath exercis'd his eloquence,

Still to the bane of the Nobility:

A boasting, insolent tongue-man. C A T O. Peace leud Traitor,

Or wash thy mouth. He is an honest man

And loues his Countrey; would thou didst so, too.

C A T I. *Cato*, you are too zealous for him. C A T O. No,

Thou

CATILINE.

Thou art too impudent. CAT V. *Catiline* be silent.

CAT I. Nay then, I easily feare, my iust defence

Will come too late, to so much prejudice. (me,

CAES. Will he sit downe? CAT I. Yet, let the world forsake

My innocence must not. CAT O. Thou innocent?

So are the *Furies*. CIC. Yes, and *Ate*, too.

Do'st thou not blush, pernicious *Catiline*?

Or, hath the palenesse of thy guilt drunke vp

Thy blood, and drawne thy vaines, as drie of that,

As is thy heart of truth, thy breast of vertue?

Whither at length wilt thou abuse our patience?

Still shall thy fury mocke vs? To what licence

Darest thy vnbridled boldnesse runne it selfe?

Doe all the nightly guards, kept on the Palace,

The Cities watches, with the Peoples feares,

The concourse of all Good men, this so strong

And fortified seate here of the *Senate*,

The present lookes vpon thee, strike thee nothing?

Do'st thou not feele thy Councels all laid open?

And see thy wild Conspiracy bound in

VVith each mans knowledge? which of all this Order

Canst thou thinke ignorant (if they'll but vtter

Their conscience to the right) of what thou didst

Last night, what on the former, where thou wert,

Whom thou didst call together, what your plots were?

O Age, and Manners! This the Consul sees,

The *Senate* vnderstands, yet this man liues!

Liues? I, and comes here into Councell with vs;

Partakes the publique cares: and with his eye

Markes, and points out each man of vs to slaughter.

And we, good men, doe satisfie the State,

If we can shunne but this mans sword, and madnesse.

There was that vertue, once, in *Rome*, when good men

Would, with more sharpe coërcion, haue restrain'd

A wicked Citizen, then the deadliest Foe.

We haue that law still, *Catiline*, for thee;

CATILINE.

An aſt as graue, as ſharpe : The State's not wanting,
Nor the authority of this Senate ; wee,
Wee, that are Conſuls, onely ſayle our ſelues.
This twentieth daies, the edge of that decree
We haue let dull, and ruſt; kept it ſhut vp,
As in a ſheath, which drawne ſhould take thy head.
Yet ſtill thou liu'ſt: and liu'ſt not to lay by
Thy wicked confidence, but to confirme it.
I could deſire, Fathers, to be found
Still mercifull, to ſeeme in theſe maine perils,
Grasping the ſtate, a man remiſſe, and ſlacke ;
But then, I ſhould condemne my ſelfe of ſloth,
And trechery. Their Campe's in *Italy*,
Pitch'd in the iawes, here, of *Heiruria* ;
Their numbers daily increaſing, and their Generall
Within our walles : nay in our Councell, plotting
Howerly ſome fatall miſchiefe to the Publique.
If, *Catiline*, I ſhould commaund thee, now,
Here, to be taken, kill'd; I make iuſt doubt,
Whether all good men would not thinke it done
Rather too late, then any man too cruell.

C A T O. Except he were of the ſame meale, and batch.
C I C. But that, which ought to haue bene done long ſince,
I will, and (for good reaſon) yet forbear.
Then will I take thee, when no man is found
So loſt, ſo wicked, nay ſo like thy ſelfe,
But ſhall profeſſe, 'tis done of neede, and right.
While there is one, that dares defend thee, liue;
Thou ſhalt haue leaue ; but ſo, as now thou liu'ſt:
Watch'd at a hand, beſieged, and oppreſt
From working leaſt commotion to the State.
I haue thoſe eyes, and eares, ſhall ſtill keepe guard,
And ſpiall on thee, as they haue euer done,
And thou not feele it. What, then, canſt thou hope?
If neither Night can, with her darkneſſe, hide
Thy wicked meetings ; nor a priuate Houſe

CATILINE:

Can, in her walles, containe the guiltie whispers
Of thy conspiracy : If all breake out,
All be discouered, change thy minde at last,
And loose thy thoughts of ruine, flame, and slaughter.
Remember, how I told, here, to the Senate,
That such a day, thy Lictor, *Caius Manlius*,
Would be in armes. Was I deceiued, *Catiline*,
Or in the fact, or in the time? the hower?
I told too, in this Senate, that thy purpose
Was, on the fifth, the Kalends of *November*,
T' haue slaughtered this whole Order : which my caution
Made many leaue the Citie. Canst thou here
Denie, but this thy blacke designe was hindred,
That very day, by mee, thy selfe clos'd in
Within my strengths, so that thou could'st not moue
Against a publique reed? when thou wert heard
To say, vpon the parting of the rest,
Thou would'st content thee, with the murder of vs,
That did remaine. Had'st thou not hope, beside,
By a surprize, by night, to take *Praneste*?
Where when thou cam'st, did'st thou not finde the place
Made good against thee, with my aides, my watches?
My Garrisons fortified it. Thou dost nothing, *Sergius*,
Thou canst endeuour nothing, nay not thinke,
But I both see, and heare it; and am with thee,
By, and before, about, and in thee, too.
Call but to minde thy last nights businesse. Come,
Ile vse no circumstance: at *Lecca's* house,
The shop, and mint of your conspiracie,
Among your Sword-men, where so many associates
Both of thy mischiefe, and thy madnesse, met.
Dar'st thou denie this? wherefore art thou silent?
Speake, and this shall conuince thee : Here they are,
I see 'hem, in this Senate, that were with thee.
O you immortall Gods ! in what clime are wee?
What region do we liue in? in what ayre?

What

CATILINE.

VVhat Common-wealth, or State is this we haue?
 Here, here, amongst vs, our owne number, Fathers,
 In this most holy Councell of the world,
 They are, that seeke the spoyle of me, of you,
 Of ours, of all; what I can name's too narrow:
 Follow the Sunne, and find not their ambition.
 These I behold, being Consull; Nay, I aske
 Their counsels of the State, as from good Patriots:
 Whom it were fit the axe should hew in pieces,
 I not so much as wound, yet, with my voyce.
 Thou wast, last night, with *Lecca, Catiline*,
 Your shares, of *Italy*; you there diuided;
 Appointed who, and whither, each should goe;
 What men should stay behind, in *Rome*, were chosen;
 Your offices set downe; the parts mark'd out,
 And places of the Citie, for the fire;
 Thy selfe (thou' affirm'd'st) wast readie to depart,
 Onely, a little let there was, that stay'd thee,
 That I yet liu'd: Vpon the word, stept forth
 Three of thy crew, to rid thee of that care;
 Two vndertooke this morning, before day,
 To kill me in my bed. All this I knew,
 Your conuent scarce dismiss'd, arm'd all my seruants,
 Call'd both my brother, and friends, shut out your clients,
 You sent to visite mee; whose names I told
 To some there, of good place, before they came.
 CATO. Yes, I, and *Quintus Catulus* can affirme it.
 CAES. Hee's lost, and gone. His spirits haue forsooke him.
 CIC. If this be so, why, *Catiline*, dost thou stay?
 Goe, where thou mean'st: The Ports are open; forth.
 The Campe abroad wants thee, their Chiefe, too long.
 I lead with thee all thy troupes out. Purge the Citie.
 Draw drie that noysome, and pernicious sinke,
 Which left, behind thee, would infect the world.
 Thou wilt free me of all my feares, at once,
 To see a wall betweene vs. Dost thou stop

CATFLINE.

To do that now, commanded; which before,
Of thine owne choise, thou'rt prone to? Goe. The Consul
Bids thee, an enemy, to depart the Citie.
Whither, thou'lt aske? to exile? I not bid
Thee that. But aske my counsell, I perswade it.
VVhat is there, here, in *Rome*, that can delight thee?
Where not a soule, without thine owne foule knot,
But feares, and hates thee. What domesticke note
Of priuate filthinesse, but is burnt in
Into thy life? What close, and secret shame,
But is growne one, with thy knowne infamy?
What lust was euer absent from thine eyes?
VVhat lewd fact from thy hands? what wickednesse
From thy whole body? where's that youth drawne in
VVithin thy nets, or catch'd vp with thy baytes,
Before whose rage, thou hast not borne a sword,
And to whose lusts thou hast not 'held a torch?
Thy latter Nuptials I let passe in silence;
VVhere sinnes incredible, on sinnes, were heapt:
Which I not name, lest, in a ciuill State,
So monstrous facts should eyther appeare to bee,
Or not to be reueng'd. Thy Fortunes, too,
I glance not at, which hang but till next Ides.
I come to that, which is more knowne, more publick;
The life, and safety of vs all, by thee
Threatned, and sought. Stood'st thou not in the field,
VVhen *Lepidus*, and *Tullus* were our Consuls,
Vpon the day of choyse, arm'd, and with forces,
To take their liues, and our chiefe Citizens;
When, not thy feare, nor consciēce chang'd thy mind,
But the meere fortune of the Common-wealth
VVithstood thy actiue malice? Speake but right.
How often hast thou made attempt on mee?
How many of thy assaults haue I declin'd
VVith shifting but my bodie, (as wee'ld say)
VVrested thy dagger from thy hand, how oft?

CATLINE.

How often hath it falne, or slip't by chance?
Yet, can thy side not want it: which, how vow'd,
Or with what rites, 'tis sacred of thee, I know not,
That still thou mak'st it a necessitie,
To fixe it in the bodie of a Consul.

But let me loose this way, and speake to thee,
Not as one mou'd with hatred, which I ought,
But pittie, of which none is owing thee.

C A T. No more then vnto *Tantalus*, or *Tityus*.

C I C. Thou can'st ere while, into this Senate. Who
Of such a frequency, so many friends,
And kindred thou hast here, saluted thee?

VVere not the seates made bare, vpon thy entrance?
Rise not the Consular men? and left their places,
So soone as thou sat'st downe? and fled thy side,

Like to a plague, or ruine; knowing, how oft
They had bene, by thee, mark'd out for the Shambles?
How dost thou beare this? Surely, if my Slaues

At home fear'd me, with halfe th'affright, and horror,
That, here, thy fellow Citizens do thee,
I should soone quit my house, and thinke it need too.

Yet thou dar'st tary heere? Go forth, at last;

Condemne thy selfe to flight, and solitude.

Discharge the Common-wealth, of her deepe feare.

Goe; into banishment, if thou wait'st the word.

Why do'st thou looke? They all consent vnto it.

Do'st thou expect th'authority of their voyces,

VVhose silent willes condemne thee? While they sit,

They approue it; while they suffer it, they decree it;

And while they're silent to it, they proclaime it.

Prote thou there honest, Ile endure the enuie.

But there's no thought, thou should'st be euer hee,

VVhom eyther shame should call from filthinesse,

Terror from danger, or discourse from fury.

Goe; I intreat thee: yet, why do I so?

VVhen I alreadie know, they're sent afore,

That

CATILINE.

That tarry for thee in armes, and do expect thee
On the *Aurelian* way. I know the day
Set downe, twixt thee, and *Manlius*; vnto whom
The siluer Eagle too is sent, before:
VVhich I do hope shall proue, to thee as banefull,
As thou conceiu' st it to the Common-wealth.
But, may this wise, and sacred Senate say,
VVhat mean' st thou *Marcus Tullius*? If thou know' st
That *Catiline* be look'd for, to be Chiefe
Of an intestine warre; that he' is the Author
Of such a wickednesse; the Caller out
Of men of marke in mischief, to an action
Of so much horror; Prince of such a treason;
VVhy do' st thou send him forth? why let him scape?
This is to giue him liberty, and power:
Rather, thou should' st lay hold vpon him, send him
To deseru'd death, and a iust punishment.
To these so holy voyces, thus I answere.
If I did thinke it timely, Conscript Fathers,
To punish him with death, I would not giue
The Fencer vse of one short hower, to breath;
But when there are in this graue Order, some,
VVho, with soft censures, still doe nource his hopes;
Some, that with not beleeuing, haue confirm'd
His designes more, and whose authoritie
The weaker, as the worst men, too, haue follow'd:
I would now send him, where they all should see
Cleare, as the light, his heart shine; where no man
Could be so wickedly, or fondly stupide,
But should cry out he saw, touch'd, felt, and grasp't it.
Then, when he hath runne out himselfe; led forth
His desp' rate partie with him; blowne together
Aids of all kinds, both shipwrack'd minds & fortunes:
Not onely the growne euill, that now is sprung,
And sprouted forth, would be pluck'd vp, & weeded;
But the stocke, roote, and seed of all the mischiefes,

CATILINE.

Choking the Common-wealth. Where, should we take
Of such a swarme of traytors, onely him,
Our cares, and feares might seeme a while relieud,
But the maine perill would bide still enclos'd
Deepe, in the veines, and bowels of the State.
As humane bodies, laboring with feuers,
VVhile they are tost with heate, if they do take
Cold water, seeme for that short space much eas'd,
But afterward, are ten times more afflicted.
VVherefore, I say, let all this wicked crew
Depart, diuide themselues from good men, gather
Their forces to one head; as I said oft,
Let 'hem be seuer'd from vs with a wall;
Let 'hem leaue off attempts, vpon the Consul,
In his owne house; to circle in the Prætor;
To girt the Court with weapons; to prepare
Fire, and balles, swords, torches, sulphure, brands:-
In short, let it be writ in each mans forehead
What thoughts he beares the Publike. I here promise,
Fathers Conscript, to you, and to my selfe,
That diligence in vs Consults, for my honour'd
Colleague, abroad, and for my selfe, at home;
So great authority in you; so much
Vertue, in these, the Gentlemen of *Rome*;
VVhom I could scarce restraine to day, in zeale,
From seeking out the Parricide, to slaughter;
So much consent in all good men, and minds,
As, on the going out of this one *Catiline*,
All shall be cleare, made plaine, oppress'd, reueng'd.
And, with this omen, go, pernicious plague,
Out of the Citie, to the wish'd destruction
Of thee, and those, that, to the ruine of her,
Haue tane that bloody, and blacke sacrament.
Thou *Iupiter*, whom we do call the STAYER
Both of this Citie, and this Empire, wilt
(With the same auspice thou didst raise it first)

CATILINE.

Drive from thy Altars, and all other Temples,
And Buildings of this City; from our Walles;
Liues, states, and fortunes of our Citizens;
This fiend, this fury, with his complices.
And all the offence of good men (these knowne traitors
Vnto their countrey, theeues of *Italie*,
Ioynd in so damn'd a league of mischiefe) thou
Wilt with perpetuall plagues, aliuie, and dead,
Punish for *Rome*, and saue her innocent head.

CAT I. If an Oration, or high language, Fathers,
Could make me guilty, here is one, hath done it:
H' has stroue to æmulate this mornings thunder,
With his prodigious rhetoricke. But I hope,
This Senate is more graue, then to giue credit:
Rashly to all he vomits, 'gainst a man
Of your owne Order, a Patrician;

And one, whose ancestors haue more deseru'd
O *Rome*, then this mans eloquence could vtter,
Turn'd the best way, as still, it is the worst.

CAT O. His eloquence hath more deseru'd to day,
Speaking thy ill, then all thy ancestors

Did, in their good: And that the State will finde,

Which he hath sau'd. CAT I. How he? were I that enemy,
That he would make me: Il'd not wish the State
More wretched, then to neede his preservation.

What doe you make him, *Cato*, such a *Hercules*?

An *Atlas*? A poore petty In-mate. CAT O. Traitor.

CAT I. He saue the State? A *Burgesse* sonne of *Arpinnum*.

The Gods would rather twenty *Romes* should perish,

Then haue that contumely sticke vpon 'hem,

That he should share with them, in the preserving

A shed, or signe-post. CAT O. Peace, thou prodigie.

CAT I. They would be runne themselves, againe, and lost

In the first, rude, and indigested heape;

Ere such a wretched name, as *Cicero*,

Should sound with theirs. CAT V. Away, thou impudent head.

CATILINE.

CAT I. Doe you all backe him? are you silent too?

Well, I will leaue you Fathers; I will goe.

But—my fine dainty speaker.—CIC. What now Fury?

Wilt thou assault me here? CHO. Helpe, aide the Consul.

CAT I. See Fathers, laugh you not? who threatned him?

In vaine thou do'st conceiue, ambitious Orator,

Hope of so braue a death, as by this hand.

CATO. Out, of the Court, with the pernicious traytor.

CAT I. There is no tittle, that this flattering Senate,

Nor honor, the base multitude can giue thee,

Shall make thee worthy *Catilines* anger. CATO. Stop,

Stop that portentous mouth. CAT I. Or, when it shall,

Ile looke thee dead. CATO. Will none restraine the Monster?

CATV. Parricide. QVI. Butcher, Traytor, leaue the Senate.

CAT I. I'am gone, to banishment, to please you Fathers.

Thrust head-long forth? CATO. Stil, dost thou murmur, Monster?

CAT I. Since, I am thus put out, and made a.—CIC. What?

CATV. Not guiltier then thou art. CAT I. I will not burne

Without my funerall pile. CATO. What sayes the Fiend?

CAT I. I will haue matter, timber. CATO. Sing out Scrich-owle.

CAT I. It shall be in—CATV. Speake thy imperfect thoughts.

CAT I. The common fire, rather then mine owne.

For fall I will with all, ere fall alone.

CRA. H'is lost, there is no hope of him. CAES. Vnlesse

He presently take armes; and giue a blow,

Before the Consuls forces can be leuie'd.

CIC. VVhat is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?

CATV. See, that the Common-wealth receiue no losse.

CATO. Commit the care thereof vnto the Consuls. (Senate.

CRA. Tis time. CAES. And need. CIC. Thanks to this frequent

But what decree they, vnto *Curius*,

And *Fulvia*? CATV. What the Consul shall thinke meete.

CIC. They must receiue reward, though't be not knowne;

Least when a State needes ministers, they ha' none.

CATO. Yet, *Marcus Tullius*, doe not I beleecue,

But *Crassus*, and this *Cesar* here ring hollow.

CIC.

CATILINE.

C I C. And would appeare so, if that we durst proue 'hem.

C A T O. VVhy dare we not? What honest act is that,
The *Roman* Senate should not dare, and doe?

C I C. Not an vnprofitable, dangerous act,
To stirre too many Serpents vp at once.

Cesar, and *Crassus*, if they be ill men,
Are mighty ones; and, we must so prouide,
That, while we take one head, from this foule *Hydra*,
There spring not twenty more. C A T O. I' proue your Counsell.

C I C. They shall be watch'd, and look'd too. Till they doe
Declare themselves, I will not put 'hem out
By any question. There they stand. Ile make
My selfe no enemies, nor the State, no traitors.

CATILINE, LENTULVS, CETHGVS, CV-
RIVS, GABINIVS, LONGINVS,
STATILIVS.

FAlse to our selues? All our designs discover'd
To this State-Cat? C E T. I, had I had my way,
He' had mew'd in flames, at home, not i' the Senate:
I' had sing'd his furies, by this time. C A T. Well, there's, now,
No time of calling backe, or standing still.
Friends, be your selues; keepe the same *Roman* hearts;
And ready minds, you' had yesternight: Prepare
To execute, what we resolu'd. And let not
Labor, or danger, or discovery fright you.
Ile to the army: you (the while) mature
Things, here, at home. Draw to you any aides,
That you thinke fit, of men of all conditions,
Or any fortunes, that may helpe a warre.
Ile bleede a life, or winne an Empire for you.
VVithin these few dayes, looke to see my ensignes,
Here, at the walles: Be you but firme within.
Meane time, to draw an enuy on the Consull,
And giue a lesse suspicion of our course,

CATJLINE.

Let it be giuen out, here in the Citty,
That I am gone, an innocent man, to exile,
Into *Mafsilia*, willing to giue way
To fortune, and the times; being vnable
To stand so great a faction, without troubling
The Common-wealth: whose peace I rather seeke,
Then all the glory of contention,
Or the support of mine owne innocence.
Farewell the noble *Lentulus*, *Longinus*,
Curius, the rest; and thou, my better *Genius*,
The braue *Cethegus*: when we meete againe,
Wee'll sacrifice to Liberty. C E T. And Reuenge.
That we may praise our hands once. L E N. O you *Fates*,
Giue *Fortune* now her eyes, to see with whom
Shee goes along, that shee may nere forsake him.
C V R. He needs nother, nor them. Goe but on, *Sergius*.

"A valiant man is his owne Fate, and Fortune.
L O N. The Fate, and Fortune of vs all goe with him.
G A B. S T A. And euer guard him. C A T. I am all your Creature.
L E N. Now friends, 'tis left with vs. I haue already
Dealt, by *Vmbrenus*, with the *Allobroges*,
Here resiant in *Rome*; whose State, I heare,
Is discontent with the great vsuries,
They are oppres'd with: and haue made complaints
Diuers, vnto the Senate, but all vaine.
These men, I haue thought, both for their owne oppressions,
As also that, by nature, they are a people
Warlike, and fierce, still watching after change,
And now, in present hatred with our State,
The fittest, and the easiest to be drawne
To our society, and to aide the warre.
The rather, for their seate: being next bordrers
On *Italie*: and that they abound with horse,
Of which one want our Campe doth only labor.
And I haue found 'hem comming. They will meete
Soone at *Sempronia's* house, where I would pray you

CATJLINE.

All to be present, to confirme 'hem more.

The sight of such spirits hurt not, nor the store.

GAB. I will not faile. STA. Nor I. CVR. Nor I. CET. Would I
Had somewhat by my selfe, apart, to doe.

I ha' no *genius* to these many counsels.

Let me kill all the Senate, for my share,

Ile do it at next sitting. LEN. Worthy *Caius*,

Your presence will adde much. CET. I shall marre more.

CICERO. SANGA. ALLOBROGES.

THE State's beholden to you, *Fabius Sanga*,

For this great care: And those *Allobroges*

Are more then wretched, if they lend a listning

To such perswasion. SAN. They, most worthy Consul,

As men employ'd here, from a griued State,

Groaning beneath a multitude of wrongs,

And being told, there was small hope of ease

To be expected, to their euils, from hence,

Were willing, at the first to giue an eare

To any thing, that sounded liberty:

But since, on better thoughts, and my vrg'd reasons,

They're come about, and wonne, to the true side.

The fortune of the Common-wealth hath conquer'd.

CIC. What is that same *Vmbrenus*, was the Agent?

SAN. One that hath had negotiation

In *Gallia* oft, and knowne vnto their State.

CIC. Are the Ambassadors come with you? SAN. Yes,

CIC. VVell, bring 'hem in, if they be firme, and honest,

Neuer had men the meanes so to deserue

Of *Rome*, as they. A happy, wish'd occasion,

And thrust into my hands, for the discouery,

And manifest conuiction of these traytors.

Be thank'd, ô *Iupiter*. My worthy Lords,

Confederates of the Senate, you are welcome.

I vnderstand by *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

CATILINE.

Your carefull Patron here, you haue beene lately
Solicited against the Common-wealth,
By one *Vmbrenus* (take a seate, I pray you)
From *Publius Lentulus*, to be associates
In their intended warre. I could aduise,
That men, whose fortunes are yet flourishing,
And are *Romes* friends, would not, without a cause,
Become her enemies; and mixe themselues
And their estates, with the lost hopes of *Catiline*,
Or *Lentulus*, whose meere despaire doth arme them:
That were to hazard certainties, for ayre,
And vndergoe all danger, for a voyce.
Beleeue me, friends: " Loud tumults are not laid
" With halfe the easinesse, that they are rais'd.
" All may beginne a warre, but few can end it.
The Senate haue decreed, that my Colleague
Shall leade their army, against *Catiline*,
And haue declar'd both him, and *Manlius* traitors.
Metellus Celer hath already giuen
Part of their troopes defeate. Honors are promis'd
To all, will quit them; and rewards propos'd
Euen to slaues, that can detect their courses.
Here, in the City, I haue by the Prætors,
And Tribunes, plac'd my guards, and watches so,
That not a foote can treade, a breath can whisper,
But I haue knowledge. And be sure, the Senate,
And People of *Rome*, of their accustom'd greatnesse,
Will sharply, and seuerely vindicate,
Not only any fact, but any practise
Or purpose, gainst the State. Therefore, my Lords,
Consult of your owne waies, and thinke which hand
Is best to take. You, now, are present suters
For some redresse of wrongs; Ile vndertake
Not only that shall be assur'd you, but
What grace or priuiledge else, Senate, or People
Can cast vpon you, worthy such a seruice,

CATJLINE.

As you haue now the way, and meanes, to doe 'hem;
If but your willes consent, with my designs.

A L L. We couet nothing more, most worthy Consul.
And how so ere we haue beene tempted lately,
To a defection, that not makes vs guilty:

We are not yet so wretched in our fortunes,
Nor in our willes so lost, as to abandon

A friendship, prodigally, of that price,
As is the Senate, and the People of *Romes*,
For hopes, that doe præcipitate themselues.

C I C. You then are wise, and honest. Doe but this, then;
When shall you speake with *Lentulus*; and the rest?

A L L. We are to meete anone, at *Brutus* house.

C I C. Who? *Decius Brutus*? He is not in *Rome*.

S A N. O, but his wife *Sempronia*. C I C. You instruct me,
Shee is a Chiefe. Well, faile not you to meete 'hem,

And to expresse the best affection

You can put on, to all that they intend.

Like it, applaud it, giue the Common-wealth

And Senate, lost to 'hem. Promise any aides

By armes, or counsell. What they can desire

I would haue you preuent. Only, say this,

You' haue had dispatch, in priuate, by the Consull

Of your affaires, and for the many feares

The State's now in, you are will'd by him, this euening,

To depart *Rome*: which you, by all sought meanes,

Will doe, of reason to decline suspicion.

Now, for the more authority of the businesse

They' haue trusted to you, and to giue it credit

With your owne State, at home, you would desire

Their letters to your Senate, and your People,

Which shewne, you durst engage both life, and honor,

The rest should euery way answer their hopes.

Those had, pretend sodaine departure you,

And, as you giue me notice, at what Port

You will goe out, Ile ha' you intercepted,

CATLINE.

And all the letters taken with you: So
 As you shall be redeem'd in all opinions,
 And they convicted of their manifest treason.
 " Ill deedes are well turn'd backe, vpon their Authors:
 " And 'gainst an Iniurer, the reuenge is iust.
 This must be done, now. ALL. Chearfully, and firmly.
 VVe 'are they, would rather haue to vndertake it,
 Then stay, to say so. C I C. VVith that confidence, goe:
 Make your selues happy, while you make *Rome* so.
 By *Sanga*, let me haue notice from you. ALL. Yes.

SEMPRONIA, LENTVLVS, CETHEGVS, GABINIVS,
 STATILIVS, LONGINVS, VOL-
 TVRTIVS, ALLOBROGES.

WHen come these Creatures, the Ambassadors?
 I would faine see 'hem. Are they any Schollers? (surely.
 LEN. I thinke not, Madame. SEM. Ha' they no Greeke? LEN. No
 SEM. Fie, what doe I here, wayting on 'hem then?
 If they be nothing but meere States-men. LEN. Yes,
 Your Ladyship shall obserue their grauity,
 And their reseruednesse, their many cautions,
 Fitting their persons. SEM. Idoe wonder much,
 That States, and Common-wealths employ not women,
 To be Ambassadors, sometimes: we should
 Doe as good publike seruice, and could make
 As honorable Spies (for so *Thucydides*
 Calls all Ambassadors.) Are they come, *Cethegus*?
 CET. Doe you aske me? Am I your scout, or baud?
 LEN. O *Cams*, it is no such businesse. CET. No?
 VVhat do's a woman at it then? SEM. Good Sir,
 There are of vs can be as exquisite Traytors,
 As ere a male-Conspirator of you all.
 CET. I, at sniock-treason, Matron, I beleeeue you;
 And if I were your husband; But when I
 Trust to your cobweb-bosomes any other

CATFLINE.

Let me there die a Flie ; and feast you, Spider.

L E N. You are too sowre, and harsh *Cethegus*. C E T. You
Are kinde, and courtly. It'd be torne in picces,

VVith wilde *Hippolytus*, nay proue the death,

Euery limbe ouer, ere I'd trust a woman,

With wind, could I retaine it. S E M. Sir. They'll be trusted

With as good secrets, yet, as you haue any,

And carry 'hem too, as close, and as conceald,

As you shall for your heart. C E T. Ile not contend with you

Eyther in tongue, or cariage, good *Calipso*:

L O N. Th' Ambassadors are come. C E T. Thanks to thee *Mercury*,

That so hast rescu'd mee. L E N. How now, *Volturtius*?

V O L. They doe desire some speech with you, in priuate.

L E N. O! tis about the prophetic, belike,

And promise of the *Sibylls*: G A B. It may bee.

S E M. Shunne they, to treat with mee, too? G A B. No, good Lady,

You may partake: I haue told 'hem, who you are.

S E M. I should be loath to be left out, and here too.

C E T. Can these, or such, be any aydes, to vs?

Looke they, as they were built to shake the world,

Or be a moment to our enterprize?

A thousand, such as they are, could not make

One Atome of our soules. They should be men

VVorth Heauens feare, that looking vp, but thus,

VVould make *Ioue* stand vpon his guard, and draw

Himselfe within his Thonder; which, amaz'd,

He should discharge in vaine, and they vnhurt.

Or, if they were, like *Capaneus*, at *Thebes*,

They should hang dead, vpon the highest spires,

And aske the second charge, to be throwne downe.

VVhy, *Lentulus*, talke you so long? This time

Had bene enough, t'haue scatter'd all the Starres,

T'haue quenched the Sunne, and Moone, and made the World

Despaire of day, or any light, but ours.

L E N. How doe you like this spirit? In such men,

Mankind doth liue. They are such soules, as these,

CATILINE.

That moue the world. S E N. I, though he beare me hard,
I, yet, must do him right. He is a spirit
Of the right *Martian* breed. A L L. He is a *Mars*.
VVould we had time to liue here, and admire him.
L E N. Well, I doe see you would preuent the Consul,
And I commend your care: It was but reason,
To aske our Letters, and we had prepar'd them.
Goe in, and we will take an oath, and seale 'hem.
You shall haue Letters, too, to *Catiline*,
To visite him i'the way, and to confirme
The association. This our friend, *Volturtius*,
Shall goe along with you. Tell our great Generall,
That we are readie here; that *Lucius Bestia*
The Tribune, is prouided of a speech,
To lay the enuie of the warre on *Cicero*;
That all but long for his approach, and person:
And then, you are made Freemen, as our selues.

CICERO. FLACCVS. POMTINIVS.
S A N G A.

I Cannot feare the warre but to succcede well,
Both for the honor of the cause, and worth
Of him that doth commaund. For my Colleague,
Being so ill affected with the goute,
Will not be able to be there in person;
And then *Petreius*, his Lieutenant, must
Of neede take charge o'the army: who is much
The better souldier, hauing bene a Tribune,
Prefect, Lieutenant, Prætor in the warre,
These thirtie yeares, so conuersant i'the army,
As he knowes all the souldiers, by their names.
F L A. They'll fight then, brauely, with him. P O M. I, and hee
Will lead 'hem on, as brauely. C I C. They'haue a foe
Will aske their braueries, whose necessities
Will arme him like a fury. But, how euer,

CATFLINE.

I'lle trust it to the mannage, and the fortune
Of good *Petreius*, who's a worthy Patriot.

Metellus Celer, with three Legions, too,
Will stop their course, for *Gallia*. How now, *Fabius*?

S A N. The trayne hath taken. You must instantly

Dispose your guards vpon the *Miluius* bridge:

For, by that way, they meane to come. C I C. Then, thither
Pomptinus, and *Flaccus*, I must pray you

To lead that force you haue; and seise them all:

Let not a person scape. Th' Ambassadors

Will yeeld themselves. If there be any tumult

Ile send you ayde. I, in meane time will call

Lentulus to me, *Gabinus*, and *Cethegus*,

Statilius, *Ceparius*, and all these

By seuerall messengers: who no doubt will come,

Without sense, or suspicion. "Prodigall men

"Feele not their owne stocke wasting. When I haue 'hem,

Ile place those guards, vpon 'hem, that they start not,

S A N. But what'll you doe with *Sempronia*? C I C. "A State

"Should not take knowledge eyther of Fooles, or Women.

I do not know whether my ioy or care

Ought to be greater; that I haue discouer'd

So foule a treason: or must vndergoe

The enuie of so many great mens fate.

But, happen what there can, I will be iust,

My fortune may forsake me, not my vertue:

That shall goe with me, and before me, still,

And glad me, doing well, though I heare ill.

P R A E T O R S, A L L O B R O G E S, V O L -
T U R T I V S.

F L A. Stand, who goes there? A L L. We are th' *Allobroges*,
And friends of *Rome*. P O M. If you be so, then yeeld
Your selues vnto the Prætors, who in name
Of the whole Senate, and the people of *Rome*,

Yet

CATILINE.

Yet, till you cleare your selues, charge you of practise
Against the State. V O L. Die friends, and be not taken.
F L A. What voyce is that? Downe with 'hem all. A L I. We yeeld.
P O M. VVhat's he stands out? Kill him there. V O L. Hold, hold,
I yeeld vpon conditions. F L A. We giue none (hold.
To traytors, strike him downe. V O L. My name's *Volturnus*;
I know *Pompinus*. P O M. But he knowes not you,
While you stand out vpon these trayterous termes.
V O L. I'll yeeld vpon the safety of my life.
P O M. If it be forfeited, we cannot saue it.
V O L. Promise to doe your best. I 'am not so guilty,
As many others, I can name; and will:
If you will grant me fauour. P O M. All we can
Is to deliuer you to the Consul. Take him,
And thanke the Gods, that thus haue saued *Rome*.

CHORVS.

NOW, do our eares, before our eyes,
Like men in mistes,
Discouer, who'd the State surprise,
And who resists?
And, as these clouds doe yeeld to light,
Now, do we see,
Our thoughts of things, how they did fight,
Which seem'd t'agree?
Of what strange pieces are we made,
Who nothing know;
But, as new Ayres our eares inuade,
Still censure so?
That now do hope, and now doe feare,
And now enuie;
And then doe hate, and then loue deare,
But know not, why:
Or, if we doe, it is so late,
As our best moode,

Though

CATILINE.

Though true, is then thought out of date,
And empty of good.
How haue we chaag'd, and come about
In euery doone,
Since wicked *Catiline* went out,
And quitted *Rome* ?
One while, we thought him innocent ;
And, then, w' accus'd
The Consul, for his malice spent ;
And power abus'd.
Since, that we heare, he is in Armes,
We thinke not so :
Yet charge the Consul, with our harmes,
That let him goe.
So, in our censure of the State,
VVe still do wander ;
And make the carefull Magistrate
The marke of flaunder.
VWhat age is this, where honest men,
Plac'd at the helme,
A Sea of some foule mouth, or pen,
Shall ouerwhelme?
And call their diligence, deceit ;
Their vertue, vice ;
Their watchfulnesse, but lying in waite ;
And bloud, the price.
O, let vs plucke this euill seede
Out of our spirits ;
And giue, to euery noble deede,
The name it merits.
Least we seeme false (if this endures)
Into those times,
To loue disease: and brooke the cures
Worse, then the crimes.

CATJLINE.

Act. v.

PETREIVS. THE ARMY.

IT is my fortune, and my glory, Souldiers,
This day, to lead you on; the worthy Consul
Kept from the honor of it, by discafe:
And I am proud, to haue so braue a cause
To exercise your armes in. We not, now,
Fight for how long, how broad, how great, and large
Th' extent, and bounds o'th' people of *Rome* shall bee;
But to retaine what our great Ancestors,
With all their labours, counsels, arts, and actions,
For vs, were purchasing so many yeares.
The quarrell is not, now, of fame, of tribute,
Or of wrongs, done vnto Confederates,
For which, the Army of the people of *Rome*
Was wont to moue: but for your owne Republique,
For the rais'd Temples of th'immortall Gods,
For all your Fortunes, Altars, and your Fires,
For the deere soules of your lou'd Wiues, and Children,
Your Parents tombes, your Rites, Lawes, Liberty,
And, briefly, for the safety of the World:
Against such men, as onely by their crimes
Are knowne; thrust out by riot, want, or rashnesse.
One sort, *Sylla's* old troopes, left here in *Fesula*,
Who sodainly made rich, in those dire times,
Are since, by their vnbounded, vast expence,
Growne needie, and poore, and haue but left t'expect,
From *Catiline*, new Billes, and new Proscriptions.
These men (they say) are valiant; yet, I thinke 'hem

CATILINE.

Not worth your pause: For either their old vertue
Is, in their sloth, and pleasures lost; or, if
It tarry with 'hem, so ill match to yours,
As they are short in number, or in cause.
The second sort are of those (Citty-beasts,
Rather then Citizens) who whilst they reach
After our fortunes, haue let flie their owne;
These, whelm'd in wine, swell'd vp with meates, and weakned
With hourelly whoredomes, neuer left the side
Of *Catiline*, in *Rome*; nor, here, are loos'd
From his embraces: Such, as (trust me) neuer
In riding, or in vsing well their armes,
Watching, or other militarie labor,
Did exercise their youth; but learn'd to loue,
Drinke, dance, and sing, make feasts, and be fine gamsters.
And these will wish more hurt to' you, then they bring you.
The rest are a mixt kinde, all sorts of furies;
Adulterers, Dicers, Fencers, Outlawes, Theeues,
The Murderers of their Parents, all the sinke,
And plague of *Italie*, met in one torrent,
To take, to day, from vs the punishment,
Due to their mischiefs, for so many yeares.
And who, in such a cause, and 'gainst such fiends,
Would not now wish himselfe all arme, and weapon?
To cut such poysons from the earth, and let
Their blood out, to be drawne away in cloudes,
And pour'd, on some inhabitable place,
Where the hot Sunne, and Slime breedes nought but Monsters?
Chieflly, when this sure ioy shall crowne our side,
That the least man, that falles vpon our party
This day (as some must giue their happy names
To fate, and that eternall memory
Of the best death, writ with it, for their Countrey)
Shall walke at pleasure, in the tents of rest;
And see farre off, beneath him, all their host
Tormented after life: and *Catiline*, there,

CATILINE.

Walking a wretched, and lesse Ghost, then he.
He vrge no more : Moue forward, with your Eagles,
And trust the Senates, and *Romes* cause to Heauen.
A R M. To thee, great Father *Mars*, and greater *Ioue*.

C A E S A R, C R A S S V S.

I Euer lock'd for this of *Lentulus*,
When *Catiline* was gone. C R A. I gaue 'hem lost,
Many dayes since. C A E S. But, wherefore did you beare
Their letter to the Consul, that they sent you,
To warne you from the City? C R A. Did I know
Whether he made it? It might come from him,
For ought I could assure me : if they meant,
I should be safe, among so many, they might
Haue come, as well as writ. C A E S. There is no losse
In being secure. I haue, of late, too, ply'd him,
Thicke, with intelligences, but they haue beene
Of things he knew before. C R A. A little serues
To keepe a man vpright, on these State-bridges,
Although the passage were more dangerous.
Let vs now take the standing part. C A E S. We must,
And be as zealous for't, as *Cato*. Yet
I would faine helpe these wretched men. C R A. You cannot.
Who would saue them, that haue betraid themselves?

C I C E R O, Q V I N T V S, C A T O.

I Will not be wrought to it, Brother *Quintus*.
There's no mans priuate enmity shall make
Me violate the dignity of another.
If there were prooffe 'gainst *Cesar*, or who euer,
To speake him guilty, I would so declare him.
But *Quintus Catulus*, and *Piso* both,
Shall know, the Consul will not, for their grudge,
Haue any man accus'd, or named falsly.

CATILINE.

Q V I. Not falsly, but if any circumstance,
By the *Allobroges*, or from *Volturnus*,
Would carry it. C I C. That shall not be sought by me.
If it reueale it selfe, I would not spare
You, Brother, if it pointed at you, trust me.
C A T O. Good *Marcus Tullius* (which is more, then great)
Thou had'st thy education, with the Gods.
C I C. Send *Lentulus*, forth, and bring away the rest.
This office, I am sorry, Sir, to doe you.

T H E S E N A T E.

V V *Hat may be happy still, and fortunate,*
To Rome, and to this Senate: Please you, Fathers,
To breake these letters, and to view them round.
If that be not found in them, which I feare,
I, yet, intreate, at such a time, as this,
My diligence be not contemn'd. Ha' you brought
The weapons hither, from *Cethegus* house?
P R A E. They are without. C I C. Be ready, with *Volturnus*,
To bring him, when the Senate calls; And see
None of the rest, conferre together. Fathers,
What doe you reade? Is it yet worth your care,
If not your feare, what you finde practis'd there?
C A E S. It hath a face of horror. C R A. I'am amaz'd. (aire?)
C A T O. Iooke there. S Y L. Gods! Can such men draw common.
C I C. Although the greatnesse of the mischiefe, Fathers,
Hath often made my faith small, in this Senate,
Yet, since my calling *Catiline* out (for now
I doe not feare the enuy of the word,
Vnlesse the decde be rather to be fear'd,
That he went hence aliu; when those I meant
Should follow him, did not) I haue spent both daies,
And nights, in watching, what their fury' and rage.
Was bent on, that so staid, against my thought:
And that I might but take 'hem in that light,

CATILINE.

Where, when you met their treason, with your eyes,
Your minds, at length, would thinke for your owne safety.
And, now, 'tis done. There are their hands, and seales.

Their persons, too, are safe, thanks to the Gods.

Bring in *Volturnus*, and the *Allobroges*.

These be the men, were trusted with their letters.

V O L. Fathers, beleue me, I knew nothing : I

Was traauiling for *Gallia*, and am sorry.—

C I C. Quake not *Volturnus*, speake the truth, and hope
Well of this Senate, on the Consuls word.

V O L. Then, I knew all. But truely I was drawne in
But tother day. C A E S. Say, what thou know'st, and feare not.
Thou hast the Senates faith, and Consuls word,

To fortifie thee. V O L. I was sent with letters—

And had a messege too—from *Lentulus*—

To *Catiline*—that he should vse all aides—

Seruants, or others—and come with his army,

Affloone, vnto the Citty as he could—

For they were ready, and but staid for him—

To intercept those, that should flee the fire—

These Men, the *Allobroges*, did heare it too.

A L L. Yes Fathers, and they tooke an oath, to vs.

Besides their letters, that we should be free ;

And vrg'd vs, for some present aide of horse.

C I C. Nay, here be other testimonies, Fathers,
Cethegus Armoury. C R A. What, not all these ?

C I C. Here's not the hundred part. Call in the Fencer,

That we may know the armes to all these weapons.

Come, my braue Sword-player, to what actiue vse,

Was all this Steele provided? C E T. Had you ask'd

In *Syllas* dayes, it had beene to cut throtes ;

But, now, it was to looke on, only : I lou'd

To see good blades, and feele their edge, and points.

To put a helme vpon a blocke, and cleaue it,

And, now and then, to stabbe an armour through.

C I C. Know you that paper ? That will stabbe you through.

CATILINE.

Is it your hand? Hold, saue the peeces. Traytor,
Hath thy guilt wak'd thy fury? C E T. I did write,
I know not what; nor care not: That Foole *Lentulus*
Did dictate, and I tother Foole, did signe it.

C I C. Bring in *Statilius*: Do's he know his hand too?
And *Lentulus*. Reach him that letter. S T A. I

Confesse it all. C I C. Know you that seale yet, *Publius*?

L E N. Yes, it is mine. C I C. Whose image is that, on it?

L E N. My Grandfathers. C I C. What, that renown'd good man,
That did so only embrace his Countrey, and lou'd
His fellow Citizens! Was not his picture,

Though mute, of power to call thee from a fact,
So foule.— L E N. As what, impetuous *Cicero*?

C I C. As thou art, for I doe not know what's fouler.

Looke vpon these. Doe not these faces argue

Thy guilt, and impudence? L E N. VVhat are these to me?

I know 'hem not. A L L. No *Publius*? we were with you,

At *Brutus* house. V O L. Last night. L E N. What did you there?

VVho sent for you? A L L. Your selfe did. We had letters

From you, *Cethegus*, this *Statilius* here,

Gabinus Cimber, all, but from *Longinus*,

VVho would not write, because he was to come

Shortly, in person, after vs (he said)

To take the charge o'the horse, which we should leuy.

C I C. And he is fled, to *Catiline*, I heare.

L E N. Spies? spies? A L L. You told vs too, o'the *Sibylls* bookes,

And how you were to be a King, this yeare,

The twentieth, from the burning of the *Capitol*.

That three *Cornelijs* were to raigne, in *Rome*,

Of which you were the last: and prais'd *Cethegus*,

And the great spirits, were with you, in the action.

C E T. These are your honorable Ambassadors,

My Soueraigne Lord. C A T. Peace, that too bold *Cethegus*.

A L L. Besides *Gabinus*, your Agent, nam'd

Autronius, *Seruius Sulla*, *Vargunteus*,

And diuers others. V O L. I had letters from you,

CATILINE.

To *Catiline*, and a message, which I haue told
Vnto the Senate, truly, word for word:
For which, I hope, they will be gracious to mee.
I was drawne in, by that same wicked *Chimber*,
And thought no hurt at all. C I C. *Volturtius*, peace.
VWhere is thy visor, or thy voyce, now, *Lentulus*?
Art thou confounded? Wherefore speak'st thou not?
Is all so cleare, so plaine, so manifest,
That both thy eloquence, and Impudence,
And thy ill nature, too, haue left thee, at once?
Take him aside. There's yet one more. *Gabinus*,
The Enginer of ail. Shew him that paper,
If he do know it? G A B. I know nothing. C I C. No?
G A B. No. Nor I will not know. CAT. Impudent head?
Sticke it into his throate; were I the Consul,
I'd make thee eate the mischief, thou hast vented.
G A B. Is there a Law for't, *Cato*? CAT. Dost thou aske
After a Law, that would'st haue broke all lawes,
Of Nature, Manhood, Conscience, and Religion.
G A B. Yes, I may aske for't. CAT. No, pernicious *Chimber*.
"Th'inquiring after good, do's not belong
"Vnto a wicked person. G A B. I, but *Cato*
Do's nothing, but by law. C R A. Take him aside.
There's prooffe enough, though he confesse not. G A B. Stay
I will confesse. All's true, your spies haue told you.
Make much of 'hem. C E T. Yes, and reward 'hem well,
For feare you get no more such. See, they do not
Die in a ditch, and stinke, now you ha' done with 'hem;
Or beg, o'the bridges, here in *Rome*, whose Arches
Their actiue industrie hath sau'd. C I C. See, Fathers,
VWhat mindes, and spirits these are, that, being conuicted
Of such a treason, and by such a cloud
Of witnesses, dare yet retaine their boldnesse?
What would their rage haue done, if they had conquered?
I thought, when I had thrust out *Catiline*,
Neither the State, nor I, should neede t'haue fear'd
Lentulus sleepe here, or *Longinus* fat,

CATILINE.

Or this *Cethegus* rashnesse ; It was he,
I only watch'd, while he was in our walles,
As one, that had the braine, the hand, the heart.
But now, we finde the contrary. Where was there
A People grieu'd, or a State discontent,
Able to make, or helpe a warre 'gainst *Rome*,
But these, th' *Allobroges*, and those they found ?
Whom had not the iust Gods beene pleas'd to make
More friends vnto our safety, then their owne,
As it then seem'd, neglecting these mens offers,
Where had we beene ? or where the Common-wealth ?
When their great Chiefe had beene call'd home ; This man,
Their absolute King, (whose noble Grandfather,
Arm'd in pursute of the seditious *Gracchus*,
Tooke a braue wound, for deare defence of that,
Which he would spoile) had gather'd all his aides
Of Ruffins, Slaues, and other Slaughter-men ;
Giuen vs vp for murder, to *Cethegus* ;
The' other ranke of Citizens, to *Gabinus* ;
The Citty, to be fir'd by *Cassius* ;
And *Italie*, nay the world, to be laid wast
By cursed *Catiline*, and his complices.
Lay but the thought of it, before you, Fathers,
Thinke but with me you saw this glorious Citty,
The Light of all the earth, Tower of all Nations,
Sodainly falling in one flame. Imagine,
You view'd your Countrey buried with the heapes
Of slaughter'd Citizens, that had no graue ;
This *Lentulus* here, raigning, (as he dreamt) t
And those his purple Senate ; *Catiline* come
With his fierce army ; and the cries of Matrons,
The flight of Children, and the rape of Virgins,
Shriekes of the liuing, with the dying grones
On euery side t'nuade your sense ; vntill
The blood of *Rome*, were mixed with her ashes.
This was the Spectacle these fiends intended

CATLINE.

To please their malice. C E T. I, and it would
Haue bene a braue one, Consul. But your part
Had not then bene so long, as now it is:

I should haue quite defeated your Oration;
And slit that fine rhetoricall pipe of yours,
I' the first Scene. CAT. Insolent Monster! C I C. Fathers,
Is it your pleasures, they shall be committed
Vnto some safe, but a free custodie,
Vntill the Senate can determine farder?

S E N. It pleaseth well. C I C. Then, *Marcus Crassus*,
Take you charge of *Gabinus*: send him home
Vnto your house. You *Cesar*, of *Statilius*.

Cethegus shall be sent to *Cornificius*;
And *Lentulus*, to *Publius Lentulus Spinther*,
Who now is *Edile*. CAT. It were best, the Prætors.
Caried 'hem to their houses, and deliuered 'hem.

C I C. Let it be so. Take 'hem from hence. C A E S. But, first,
Let *Lentulus* put off his Prætorship.

L E N. I doe resigne it here vnto the Senate.

C A E S. So, now, there's no offence done to religion.

C A T. *Cesar*, 'twas piously, and timely vrg'd.

C I C. What do you decree to th' *Allabroges*?

That were the lights to this discouery?

C R A. A free grant from the State, of all their suites.

C A E S. And a reward, out of the publicke treasure.

C A T. I, and the title of honest men, to crowne 'hem.

C I C. What to *Volturtius*? C A E S. Life, and fauor's well.

V O L. I aske no more. CAT. Yes, yes, some money, thou need'st it.
'Twill keepe thee honest: Want made thee a knaue..

S Y L. Let *Flaccus*, and *Pomptinus*, the Prætors,

Haue publicke thanks, and *Quintus Fabius Sanga*,

For their good seruice. C R A. They deserue it all..

C A T. But what do ye decree vnto the Consul,
Whose vèrtue, counsell, watchfulnesse, and wisdome,
Hath free'd the Common-wealth, and without tumult,
Slaughter, or blood, or scarce raysing a force,

CATILINE.

Rescu'd vs all out of the iawes of Fate?

C R A. We owe our Liues vnto him, and our Fortunes.

C A E S. Our Wiues, our Children, Parents, and our Gods.

S Y L. VVe all are saued, by his fortitude.

C A T. The Common-wealth owes him a *cinicke* gyrland.

Hee is the onely Father of his Countrey.

C A E S. Let there be publike prayer, to all the Gods,
Made in that name, for him. C R A. And in these words.

*For that he hath, by his vigilance, preseru'd
Rome from the flame, the Senate from the sword,
And all her Citizens from massacre.*

C I C. How are my labours more then paid, graue Fathers,
In these great titles, and decreed honors!

Such, as to mee, first, of the ciuill robe,

Of any man, since *Rome* was *Rome*, haue hap'ned;

And from this frequent Senate: which more glads mee,

That I now see, you' haue sense of your owne safety.

If those good daies come no lesse gratefull to vs,

Wherein we are preseru'd from some great danger,

Then those, wherein w'are borne, and brought, to light,

Because the gladnesse of our safety is certaine,

But the condition of our birth not so;

And that we are saur'd with pleasure, but are borne

Without the sense of ioy: why should not, then,

This day, to vs, and all posteritie

Of ours, be had in equall fame, and honor,

VVith that, when *Romulus* first reard these walles,

VVhen so much more is saued, then he built?

C A E S. It ought. C R A. Let it be added to our *Fasti*.

C I C. VVhat tumult's that? F L A. Here's one *Tarquinius* taken,
Going to *Catiline*; and sayes he was sent

By *Marcus Crassus*: whom he names, to be

Guilty of the conspiracy. C I C. Some lying varlet.

Take him away, to prison. C R A. Bring him in,

And let me see him. C I C. He is not worth it, *Crassus*.

Keepe him vp close, and hungry, till he tell,

CATILINE.

By whose pernicious counsell, he durst slander
So great, and good a Citizen. C R A. By yours
I feare, 'twill proue. S Y L. Some o'the Traytors, sure,
To giue their action the more credit, bid him
Name you, or any man. C I C. I know my selfe,
By all the tractes, and courses of this businesse,
Craſſus is noble, iust, and loues his Countrey.
F L A. Here is a Libell too, accusing *Cesar*,
From *Lucius Vettius*, and confirm'd by *Curius*.
C I C. Away with all, throw it out o'the Court.
C A E S. A tricke on me, too? C I C. It is some mens malice.
I said to *Curius*, I did not belecue him.
C A E S. Was not that *Curius* your spie, that had
Reward decreed vnto him, the last Senate,
With *Fulvia*, vpon your priuate motion?
C I C. Yes. C A E S. But he has not that reward, yet? C I C. No.
Let not this trouble you, *Cesar*, none belecues it.
C A E S. It shall not, if that he haue no reward.
But if he haue, sure I shall thinke my selfe
Very vntimely, and vnsafely honest,
Where such, as he is, may haue pay t'accuse me.
C I C. You shall haue no wrong done you, noble *Cesar*,
But all contentment. C A E S. Consul, I am silent.

CATILINE. THE ARMIE.

I Neuer yet knew, Souldiers, that, in fight,
VVords added vertue vnto valiant men;
Or, that a Generals oration made
An Army fall, or stand: But how much prowesse
Habitually, or naturall each mans breast
VVas owner of, so much in act it shew'd.
“VVhom neither glory' or danger can excite
“Tis vaine t'attempt with speech: For the minds feare
“Keepes all braue sounds from entring at that eare.
I, yet, would warne you some few things, my Friends,

And

CATJLINE.

And giue you reason of my present counsailes.
You know, no lesse then I, what state, what point
Our affaires stand in; And you all haue heard,
VVhat a calamitous misery the sloth,
And sleepeinesse of *Lentulus*, hath pluck'd
Both on himselfe, and vs : How, whilst our aides
There, in the Citty look'd for, are defeated,
Our entrance into *Gallia*, too, is stop't.
Two Armies waite vs : One from *Rome*, the other
From the *Gaulle-Provinces*. And, where we are,
(Although I most desire it) the great want
Of corne, and victuall, forbids longer stay.
So that, of neede, we must remoue, but whither
The sword must both direct, and cut the passage.
I only, therefore, wish you, when you strike,
To haue your valours, and your soules, about you;
And thinke, you carry in your laboring hands
The things you seeke, glory, and liberty,
Your Countrey, which you want now, with the *Fates*,
That are to be instructed, by our swords.
If we can giue the blow, all will be safe to vs.
We shall not want prouision, nor supplies.
The Colonies, and free Townes will lie open.
Where, if we yeeld to feare, expect no place,
Nor friend, to shelter those, whom their owne Fortune,
And ill vs'd Armes haue left without protection.
You might haue liu'd in seruitude, or exile,
Or safe at *Rome*, depending on the great ones ;
But that you thought those thinges vnfit for men.
And, in that thought, you then were valiant.
For no man euer yet chang'd peace for warre,
But he, that meant to conquer. Hold that purpose.
There's more necessity, you should be such,
In fighting for your selues, then they for others.
“ Hee's base, that trusts his feete, whose hands are arm'd.
Me thinks, I see *Death*, and the *Furies*, waiting

CATULINE.

What we will doe; and all the Heauen^s at leysure
For the great Spectacle. Draw, then, your swords :
And, if our destiny enuy our vertue
The honor of the day, yet let vs care
To sell our selues, at such a price, as may
Vndoe the world to buy vs; and make *Fate*,
While shee tempts ours, feare her owne estate.

T H E S E N A T E.

S E N. What meanes this hasty calling of the Senate?

S E N. We shall know straight. Waite, till the Consul speakes.

P O M. Fathers Conscript, bethinke you of your safeties,
And what to doe, with these Conspirators;

Some of their Clients, their Free'd men, and Slaues

'Ginne to make head : There is one of *Lentulus* Bauds

Runnes vp and downe the shops, through euery street,

With money to corrupt, the poore artificers,

And needy tradesmen, to their aide. *Cethegus*

Hath sent, too, to his seruants; who are many,

Chosen, and exercis'd in bold attemptings,

That forthwith they should arme themselves, and proue

His rescue: All will be in instant uproare,

If you preuent it not, with present counsailes.

We haue done what we can, to meete the fury,

And will doe more. Be you good to your selues.

C R C. What is your pleasure, Fathers, shall be done?

Syllanus, you are Consul next design'd.

Your sentence, of these men. S Y L. 'Tis short, and this.

Since they haue sought to blot the name of *Rome*,

Out of the world; and raze this glorious Empire

With her owne hands, and armes, turn'd on her selfe:

I thinke it fit they die. And, could my breath

Now execute 'hem, they should not enioy

An article of time, or eye of light,

Longer, to poyson this our common aire.

S E N.

CATULINE.

SEN. I thinke so too. SEN. And I. SEN. And I. SEN. And I.
CIC. Your sentence, *Caius Caesar*. CAES. Conscript Fathers,
In great affaires, and doubtfull, it behooues
Men, that are ask'd their sentence, to be free
From either hate, or loue, anger, or pittie :
For, where the least of these doe hinder, there
The minde not easily discernes the truth.
I speake this to you, in the name of *Rome*,
For whom you stand ; and to the present cause :
That this foule fact of *Lentulus*, and the rest,
Weigh not more with you, then your dignity ;
And you be more indulgent to your passion,
Then to your honor. If there could be found
A paine, or punishment, equall to their crimes,
I would deuise, and helpe : But if the greatnesse
Of what they ha' done, excede all mans inuention,
I thinke it fit, to stay, where our lawes doe.
Poore petty States may alter, vpon humor,
Where, if they' offend with anger, few doe know it,
Because they are obscure ; their Fame, and Fortune
Is equall, and the same : But they, that are
Head of the world, and liue in that scene height,
All Mankinde knowes their actions. So we see
The greater fortune hath the lesser licence.
They must nor fauor, hate, and least be angry :
For what with others is call'd anger, there,
Is cruelty, and pride. I know *Syllanus*,
Who spoke before me, a iust, valiant Man,
A louer of the State, and one that would not,
In such a businesse, vse or grace, or hatred ;
I know, too, well his manners, and his modesty :
Nor doe I thinke his sentence cruell (for
'Gainst such delinquents, what can be too bloody?)
But that it is abhorring from our state ;
Since to a Citizen of *Rome*, offending,
Our Lawes giue exile, and not death. Why then

CATILINE.

Decrees he that? 'Twere vaine to thinke, for feare;
When, by the diligence of so worthy a Consul,
All is made safe, and certaine. Is't for punishment?
Why Death's the end of euils, and a rest,
Rather then torment: It dissolues all griefes.
And beyond that, is neither care, nor ioy.

You heare, my sentence would not haue 'hem die.
How then? set free, and increase *Catilines* Armie?
So will they, being but banish'd. No, graue Fathers,
I iudge 'hem, first, to haue their states confiscate,
Then, that their persons remaine prisoners
I' the free townes, farre off from *Rome*, and scuerd':
Where they might neither haue relation,
Hereafter, to the Senate, or the People.

Or, if they had, those townes, then to be mulcted,
As enemies to the State, that had their guard.

SEN. Tis good, and honourable, *Cesar*, hath vtterd.

CIC. Fathers, I see your faces, and your eyes
All bent on mee, to note of these two censures
Which I encline to. Eyther of them are graue,
And answering the dignitie of the speakers,
The greatnesse of th'affaire, and both seuer.
One vrgeth death: And he may well remember
This State hath punish'd wicked Citizens so.
The other bonds: and those perpetuall, which
He thinkes found out for the more singular place.
Decree which you shall please. You haue a Consul
Not readier to obey, then to defend

What euer you shall act, for the Republique;
And meete with willing shoulders any burden,
Or any fortune, with an euen face,
Though it were death: which to a valiant man
Can neuer happen foule, nor to a Consul
Be immature, or to a wise man wretched.

SYL. Fathers, I spake, but as I thought: the needes
O' th' Common-wealth requir'd. CAT. Excuse it not.

CATFLINE.

C I C. *Cato*, speake you your sentence. **C A T.** This it is.
 You here dispute, on kinds of punishment,
 And stand consulting, what you should decree
 'Gainst those, of whom, you rather should beware.
 This mischiefe is not like those common facts,
 Which, when they are done, the lawes may prosecute.
 But this, if you provide not, ere it happen,
 VVhen it is happen'd, will not waite your iudgment.
 Good *Cains Cesar*, here, hath very well,
 And subtilly discours'd of life, and death,
 As if he thought those things, a pretty fable,
 That are deliuer'd vs of Hell, and Furies,
 Or of the diuers way, that ill men goe
 From good, to filthy, darke, and ougly places.
 And therefore he would haue these liue; and long too;
 But farre from *Rome*, and in the small free Townes,
 Lest, here, they might haue rescue: As if Men,
 Fit for such acts, were only in the City,
 And not throughout all *Italie*? or that boldnesse
 Could not doe more, where it found least resistance?
 Tis a vaine Counsaile, if he thinke them dangerous.
 VVhich, if he doe not, but that he alone
 In so great feare of all men, stand vnfrighted,
 He giues me cause, and you, more to feare him.
 I am plaine, Fathers Here you looke about,
 One at another, doubting what to doe;
 VVith faces, as you trusted to the Gods,
 That still haue sau'd you; and they can do't: But
 They are not wishings, or base womanish prayers
 Can draw their aides; but vigilance, counsell, action;
 VVhich they will be ashamed to forsake.
 Tis sloth they hate, and cowardise. Here you haue
 The Traytors in your houses, yet you stand
 Fearing what to doe with 'hem; Let 'hem loose,
 And send 'hem hence with armes too; that your Mercy

CATJLINE.

May turne your misery, as soone as't can.
O, but, they, are great men, and haue offended
But through ambition. We would spare their honor:
I, if themselves had spar'd it, or their fame,
Or modestie, or eyther God, or Man:
Then I would spare 'hem. But, as things now stand,
Fathers, to spare these men, were to commit
A greater wickednesse, then you would reuenge.
If there had bene but time, and place for you,
To haue repair'd this fault, you should haue made it;
It should haue bene your punishment, to 'haue felt
Your tardie error: But necessity,
Now, bids me say; let 'hem not liue an hower,
If you meane *Rome* should liue a day. I haue done.
SEN. *Cato* hath spoken like an Oracle,
CRA. Let it be so decreed. SEN. We all were fearefull.
SYL. And had bene base, had not his vertue rais'd vs.
SEN. Go forth, most worthy Consul, wee'll assist you.
CAES. I am not yet chang'd in my sentence, Fathers.
CAT. No matter. What be those? SER. Letters, for *Cesar*.
CAT. From whom? let 'hem be read, in open Senate;
Fathers, they come from the Conspirators.
I craue to haue 'hem read, for the Republique.
CAES. *Cato*, reade you it. Tis a Loue-letter,
From your deare sister, to me: though you hate me.
Do not discouer it. CAT. Hold thee dronkard. Consul.
Goe forth, and confidently. CAES. You'll repent
This rashnesse, *Cicero*. PRAE. *Cesar* shall repent it.
CIC. Hold friends. PRAE. Hee's scarce a friend vnto the Publicke.
CIC. No violence. *Cesar* be safe. Leade on:
Where are the publicke Executioners?
Bid 'hem waite on vs. On to *Spinthers* house.
Bring *Lentulus* forth. Here, you, the sad Reuengers
Of capitall crimes, against the Publicke, take
This man vnto your iustice: strangle him.

CATFLINE.

LE N. Thou dost well, Consul. Twas a cast at dice
In *Fortunes* hand, not long since, that thy selfe
Should'st haue heard these, or other words as fatall.

C I C. Leade on to *Quintus Cornificius* house;

Bring forth *Cethegus*. Take him to the due
Death, that he hath deseru'd: and let it bee
Said, He was once. C E T. A beast, or, what is worse,
A slaue, *Cethegus*. Let that be the name
For all that's base hereafter: That would let
This worme pronounce on him; and not haue trampled
His bodie into — Ha! Art thou not mou'd?

C I C. "Iustice is neuer angrie: Take him hence.

C E T. O the whore *Fortune*! and her bauds the *Fates*!
That put these trickes on men, which knew the way
To death by' a sword. Strangle me, I may sleepe:
I shall grow angrie with the Gods, else. C I C. Leade
To *Caius Casars*, for *Statilius*.

Bring him, and rude *Gabinus* out. Here, take 'hem
To your cold hands, and let 'hem feele death from you:

G A B. I thanke you, you do me a pleasure. S T A. And me too.

C A T. So, *Marcus Tullius*, thou maist now stand vp,
And call it happie *Rome*, thou being Consul.

Great Parent of thy Countrie, goe, and let

The Old men of the Citie, ere they die,

Kisse thee; the Matrons dwell about thy necke;

The Youths, and Maids lay vp, 'gainst they are old

What kind of man thou wert, to tell their Nephewes,

When, such a yeare, they reade, within our *Fasti*,

Thy Consulship. Who's this? *Petreius*? C I C. Welcome,

Welcome renowned Souldier. What's the newes?

This face can bring no ill with't, vnto *Rome*.

How do's the worthy Consull, my Colleague?

P E T. As well as victorie can make him, Sir.

He greetes the Fathers, and to me hath trusted

The sad relation of the Ciuill strife,

CATILINE.

For, in such warre, the conquest still is blacke.

CIC. Shall we withdraw into the House of *Concord*?

CAT. No, happy Consul, here ; let all cares take

The benefit of this tale. If he had voice,

To spreade vnto the Poles, and strike it through

The Center, to the *Antipodes*; It would aske it.

PET. The streights, and needes of *Catiline* being such,

As he must fight, with one of the two Armies,

That then had neare enclos'd him ; It pleas'd *Fate*,

To make vs th'object of his desperate choise,

VVherein the danger almost paiz'd the honor :

And as he ris', the day grew blacke with him ;

And *Fate* descended nearer to the earth,

As if shee meant to hide the name of things

Vnder her wings, and make the world her quarry.

At this we rous'd, least one small minutes stay

Had left it to be' enquir'd, what *Rome* was.

And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence

Of our great cause, in forme of battaile, stood.

Whilst *Catiline* came on, not with the face

Of any man, but of a publique ruine :

His Count'nance was a ciuill warre it selfe.

And all his host had standing in their looks

The palenessse of the death, that was to come.

Yet cryed they out like Vultures, and vrg'd on,

As if they would præcipitate our fates.

Nor staid we longer for 'hem ; But himselfe

Strooke the first stroke : And, with it, fled a life.

VVhich cut, it seem'd a narrow necke of land

Had broke betweene two mighty Seas ; and either

Flow'd into other ; for so did the slaughter :

And whirl'd about, as when two violent Tides

Meete, and not yeeld. The *Furies* stood, on hilles

Circling the place, and trembled to see men

Doe more, then they : whilst Piety left the field,

Griev'd

CATILINE.

Griev'd for that side, that, in so bad a cause,
They knew not, what a crime their valour was.
The Sunne stood still, and was, behinde the cloud
The battaile made, seene sweating, to drine vp
His frighted Horse, whom still the noise droue backward.
And now had fierce *Eryd*, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then it selfe;
Had not the Fortune of the Common-wealth
Come *Pallas*-like, to euery *Roman* thought.
Which *Catiline* seeing, and that now his Troopes
Couer'd that earth, they' had fought on, with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crowne his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ranne in
(Arm'd with a glory, high as his despaire)
Into our battaile, like a *Lybian* Lion,
Vpon his hunters, scornefull of our weapons,
Carelesse of wounds, plucking downe liues about him,
Till he had circled in him'selfe with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as, in that rebellion 'gainst the Gods,
Minerva holding forth *Medusa's* head,
One of the Gyant Brethren felt him'selfe
Grow marble at the killing sight, and now,
Almost made stone, beganne t' inquire, what flint,
What rocke it was, that crept through all his limmes,
And, ere he could thinke more, was that he fear'd;
So *Catiline*, at the sight of *Rome* in vs,
Became his Tombe: yet did his looke retaine
Some of his fiercenesse, and his hands still mou'd,
As if he labor'd, yet, to graspe the State,
VVith those rebellious parts. CAT. A braue bad death.
Had this beene honest now, and for his Countrey,
As 'twas against it, who had ere fallen greater?
CIC. Honor'd *Petrus*, *Rome*, not I must thanke you.
How modestly has he spoken of him'selfe!

CATFLINE.

CAT. He did the more. CIC. Thanks to the'immortall Gods,
Romans, I now am paid for all my labors,
My watchings, and my dangers. Here conclude
Your praises, triumphes, honors, and rewards
Decreed to me : only the memory
Of this glad day, if I may know it liue
VVithin your thoughts, shall much affect my conscience,
VVhich I must alwaies study before fame.
“ Though both be good, the latter yet is worst,
“ And cuer is ill got, without the first.

The end.

6-11-30

MAY 12 1930

